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## LETTERS

### mailing list

Bellingham, Wash.

DEAR SIR: After President Nixon's speech last November 3, I wrote to him saying I disagreed with both his policy and his interpretation of history. A month or so later I received a card thanking me for supporting the President. I believe another *Nation* reader reported the same thing recently. This drafting of my support is bad enough, but the other day I belatedly opened a piece of mail (the envelope bore no return address and since my name and address were on a label, I must have neglected it as a piece of junk mail) and found it to be from the "Tell It To Hanoi Committee." Enclosed was a form letter telling me that since I had supported the President after his speech, I should, in the face of the controversy over Cambodia, write to support him again and that I should tell my Senator and Congressman of my support.

I have signed ads and petitions and have written all my Representatives for several years to oppose the war; now how do you suppose I got on this mailing list? . . . I know that state Motor Vehicle Bureaus sell mailing lists without the person's permission; does the White House give out mailing lists too?

Jerry Richard

### Panther justice

New York City

DEAR SIR: At its May 23 meeting, the New York group of the Society for Philosophy and Public Affairs adopted a resolution which is here quoted in part:

The treatment of the New York Panther 21 by courts of the State of New York represents what we regard as a judicial outrage. The evidence brought against the defendants seems far from conclusive; yet the defendants have been placed under excessive bond that they have no chance of meeting. . . . Eleven of the defendants have spent the past year in jail. . . . In courtrooms they and their lawyers have been constantly harassed and have been denied elementary rights necessary for the conduct of a fair trial.

We believe the defendants in this case must immediately be granted bail that they can afford to pay. Also we believe that Justice Murtagh, who is conducting the pre-trial hearings in the case has shown himself to be prejudiced against the defendants and should be disqualified from presiding at further proceedings. If, as we sadly believe is very possible, the defendants cannot be given a fair trial in any court of this state, then the charges against them must be dismissed. Also we believe that official investigations must be conducted into all aspects of the handling of this case by police, the courts, penal institutions, and the district attorney's office. Unfortunately, it would appear necessary in the course of any thorough investigation to consider the possibility that this case is part of a nationwide "police conspiracy" to destroy the Black Panther Party. . . .

Kai Nielsen, President, New York Chapter

### postscript

New York City

DEAR SIR: In *The Nation* of May 25, I wrote that "the Center for Inter-American Relations, in an unusual show of energy, has put on an exhibition." Mr. Stanton Catlin, director of the Center, has written to point out that there have been thirteen exhibitions since 1967 when the Center opened. What I meant to imply was that the Center is dull and sluggish compared to what it might be, a view in which I am supported by the recently formed Committee for New Latin American Art, one of whose prime targets is the Center.

Lawrence Alloway

## EDITORIALS

### Cambodia and Laos

Melbourne

It would appear that the American withdrawal from Cambodia, when it occurs, will impose the supreme test on the policy of Vietnamization. The South Vietnamese, who will remain, will then face a situation new to them—not defending the Saigon regime against its rivals, but occupying a foreign country in order to prevent the use of its frontier districts by their Vietnamese Communist opponents. To the Cambodians, all Cambodians, the operation is bound to appear rather more sinister than that. For centuries the Vietnamese appropriated to themselves parts of the ancient Cambodian empire; it was saved at the last gasp by French occupation of Indo-China in the middle of the last century. Now it will seem that, with the French gone and with U.S. encouragement, the Vietnamese are at it again. They will stay as long as they are needed. Who will determine the limits of the need?

The Vietnamese Communists occupied only areas close to the frontier; the South Vietnamese are moving deep into the country; it would seem inevitable that to the Cambodians these latter will appear the more powerful and dangerous invaders, and if they receive U.S. air support their character as an invading army will be the more obvious. The North Vietnamese can watch this process with some reassurance: President Nixon is heavily committed to withdrawal; American forces have not encountered massive North Vietnamese resistance in their sweeps, and the large quantities of war materiel captured or destroyed could be seen as a necessary sacrifice for a much greater gain to come. The further the South Vietnamese are lured into the depths of Cambodia, the more extended they will become and the more hostile will be the reaction of the Cambodian people. Deep in an unfriendly land, far from home, the South Vietnamese army may find itself committed to just such a dangerous situation as the French met at Dienbienphu. Massive American air strikes could be called in to support an almost surrounded army. It might save some elements, but could not prevent a disastrous end to the campaign.

If this possible trap is avoided, and the South Vietnamese forces settle down to hold part of the country, they will be seen by the Cambodians as using the excuse of Vietcong border sanctuaries to annex further large Cambodian regions, in fact if not in name. The Communist side will profit from Cambodian anger against this seemingly indefinite alien occupation. It is also possible that the North Vietnamese and Vietcong can exploit the foreign involvement of the South Vietnamese army by striking vigorously in South Vietnam itself. That will not make the Saigon government's policy popular in its own country. If the Vietnamese leave Cambodia, on U.S. advice, it is obvious that the result now would be the overthrow of the Lon Nol regime and the restoration of Sihanouk, this time much more the captive of the Communists than he was before. Nothing would have been gained, except a little time. Time for what? For the U.S. withdrawal from South Vietnam to proceed on schedule? Or for the ARVN to learn how to stand

securely in the place of the departed Americans? Very few outside observers would express optimism on either count.

The most probable course is that President Thieu will be advised, or persuaded, not to go too far into Cambodia, but will be allowed to remain where his forces now stand. The U.S. withdrawal will continue as determined. The North Vietnamese and Vietcong will wait for this harvest to ripen; having built up new strength in northern Cambodia, they will be ready for the next round when the Americans are mainly withdrawn. By then, they may well hope, the Cambodians, completely disillusioned by Lon Nol and the South Vietnamese occupation of the southern part of the country, will be ready to respond to a call for a "people's war of liberation." They may well be right. In Cambodia, the double appeal—to get rid of an invader, and what is more a Vietnamese invader—is likely to be potent.

The intervention has brought the war to Cambodia. America may withdraw, but it is doubtful that President Thieu can, or would if he could. Vietnamization has presented the problem of a war that is to be fought outside Vietnam. It will probably compromise the chances of defending South Vietnam, and will certainly turn world opinion more solidly than ever against any involvement in this miasma. It looks to be a stiff price to pay for the destruction of some hoards of war materiel and rest camps in the border jungle.

C. P. FITZGERALD

## Nixon's Liberal

In our issue of June 1 we suggested that Robert Finch should either stage a public fight to preserve the integrity of HEW or resign. He has instead chosen to accept "a higher calling at a lower salary" by joining the White House staff. Naturally this sudden shift is "the talk of Washington," for Finch is the first Nixon Cabinet officer to step down.

Since he was appointed to head HEW (he had his pick of jobs), Robert Finch has been presented as "the house liberal" of the Administration; as *Newsweek* puts it, "the golden boy of Richard Nixon's Administration." Somewhat surprised by this presentation, Finch played it straight and referred to himself as "the most liberal member of this Cabinet." So he may have been, but from the outset he has been miscast. A man who has for twenty years been the most intimate and trusted political associate of Richard Nixon is, on the face of it, a strange kind of liberal.

The fact is that nothing in Mr. Finch's record in California warranted the designation. After he finally won elective office, as lieutenant governor, he had little to do but preside over the state Senate and make speeches. The speeches began to take on a somewhat liberal tone, because Finch hoped either to advance to the United States Senate or to succeed Reagan. Knowing that he had to cultivate liberal-moderate elements in the Republican Party and appeal to disaffected Democrats, he began to take mildly liberal stands on some issues. But that he succeeded in establishing himself as a politician of liberal convictions is an assumption which the record does not sustain. For example, as an ex officio member

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of the board of regents he often talked a good liberal line on social occasions when he was in the company of liberal members of the board, but he voted almost consistently with the Governor.

Finch's national reputation as "the golden boy" of this Administration is a journalistic invention. The media must have some highly placed official in each administration for whom it can express admiration and respect; at least one "good guy" so placed is a journalistic necessity. By contrast with Mr. Nixon and other members of the Cabinet, Finch is quite attractive. He is pleasant to meet, knowledgeable, easy to interview. More to the point, he chose to cast himself in the role of "odd man out" in this Administration, and that in itself was enough to produce a liberal veneer. So he enjoyed a good press even after he began to give every indication of not knowing how to resist—even assuming the will—the right-wing pressures that any head of HEW must face.

Close associates in the department, almost uniformly disappointed by his performance, concede that Mr. Finch probably wanted to stand firm but did not know how. In one confrontation after another he capitulated. He did not collapse immediately, and usually it was with obvious reluctance, but the train of capitulations is there for all to see. If Mr. Finch were liberal by conviction, he would have stood his ground or, feeling the pressures within the Administration too strong, would have resigned and run against Sen. George Murphy. It was a splendid opportunity, and ample campaign funds were available. Friends attribute his reluctance to challenge Murphy to loyalty. Those who have studied Finch's record over the years will reach a different conclusion. In politics some forms of loyalty are signs of weakness.

On the evidence, therefore, it is quite unreasonable to assume, as a large section of the press is doing, that in his new position Mr. Finch will be able to protect the President against the Haldemans, the Ehrlichmans, the Mitchells and the others. As Ted Lewis points out in the *New York Daily News*, the President has been aware right along where Finch stood, but on most issues has chosen to listen to others, like Mitchell, instead. By moving into the White House under these circumstances Mr. Finch has acted in response to one of the oldest political maxims: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em."

## Cheers and Tears

On June 6 the Los Angeles area was in a state of euphoria. At least such was the mood of that portion of the city connected with the aerospace industry—or, to narrow the statement still further, everybody connected with North American Rockwell Corp. was exceedingly happy. The reason for the jubilation was that North American had been awarded the research and development contract for the B-1 bomber, a contract worth \$1.35 billion or \$1.8 billion, depending on which paper you read. Anyway, a tidy sum, especially with the California jobless rate up to 5.9 per cent. The bad news of rising unemployment was at least partially offset by the North American Rockwell triumph which, it was optimistically estimated, might generate up to 43,000 jobs throughout California by the end of 1972.

But if there were tears of joy in Los Angeles, El Segundo, Anaheim and other areas affected by the new bonanza, in far-off aerospace centers there was wailing and gnashing of teeth. In Fort Worth, Tex., where General Dynamics Corp. has its main aircraft manufacturing facilities, officials said they were "severely disappointed" and would be forced to lay off 14,000 people by the end of 1971. In Seattle, already undergoing a local recession, Boeing was preparing further cutbacks. In aerospace, one man's meat is truly another man's poison, and the aerospace worker, be he learned engineer or the man who tends the coke machines, is pleased to have the other fellow poisoned, as long as he himself gets his meat.

In one sense, North American Rockwell deserved to get this contract. It may even deserve to get the production contract which may follow—a real plum, amounting to some \$12 billion. North American carried on an intensive lobbying campaign and spent a medium-sized fortune in advertising, either directly or by proxy. The company got out letters on poster-sized paper in different colors and sent them by the ream to the President, Vice President, Secretary of the Air Force, Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles (presumably for moral support) and of course Senators and Representatives. "Where did we fail?" the posters were captioned. "We produced the greatest aircraft ever. We helped put a man on the moon. We competed for the last nickel. . . . And now we have an empty shop."

Delegations waited on Congressmen, and Congressmen waited on the Pentagon. Rep. Alphonzo Bell, who represents the district in which North American is situated, supplied data to the Air Force showing that 100,000 jobs have been lost in aerospace over the last twenty-eight months. The word of North American's victory was issued from Sen. George Murphy's Washington office during trading hours on the New York Stock Exchange. Trading in North American Rockwell had to be halted and when it resumed the stock rose  $2\frac{1}{4}$  to  $19\frac{7}{8}$ . The Pentagon usually schedules announcements of big allocations to minimize such gyrations.

If, after all this, anyone thinks that such awards are made on purely technical and economic grounds, with zealous public servants anxious that the taxpayer get his money's worth, he must be of an unusually trusting nature. Regional pressures play a part, as does politics, together with every consideration that can enter into the thinking and self-interest of those involved. No one on the outside can tell how the allocations are made, since all the bids are classified and it is almost impossible to discover, without a computer and a work force of accountants and experts, what a given bid really covers. Congress takes little interest in who gets what, except that individual members try to get contracts for suppliers in their districts. The only investigation that comes to mind is Senator McClellan's effort in 1962 to study the TFX award. This one instance shows, nevertheless, that the effort can be made, and it is surely a field in which Congress, and not only particularly public-spirited legislators like Senator Proxmire, should make inquiries.

Above all, what justification is there for the B-1 in the first place? All the services constantly develop grandiose projects for weapons systems, and engage in an endless struggle for the \$20 billion in procurement that

is up for grabs every year. The Air Force must have missiles, space ships, fighters, fighter-bombers and, when many experts thought the day of the heavy bomber had ended with the B-52, the aviation-minded generals started all over again with B-1. The only result is to make arms control even less likely, and to divert funds from useful applications to a self-perpetuating arms race.

## Why Not Frisk?

The Arthur G. Barkley hijacking case has put the whole problem of air piracy in a new dimension. There has always been a foreboding that sooner or later an aerial hijacking would result in the loss of the aircraft and its passengers and crew. This possibility has not been taken as seriously as it should have been, not only because it was so unpleasant to contemplate but because it was assumed that hijackers just wanted to fly somewhere other than the scheduled destination.

That was not Barkley's purpose. He had no destination in a terrestrial sense. He wanted \$100 million of the government's money and when he got it he was going to crash the plane, probably in the ocean, with the passengers, crew and himself. What he wanted was revenge. The Supreme Court had refused to hear his tax case, involving \$471.78, and he was going to get even in a spectacular way. The \$100,750 which TWA's Capt. Billy Williams carried on board the plane at Dulles Airport was not spectacular enough.

It has been said that big cities are enormous outpatient psychiatric clinics. There is no telling how many disturbed individuals there are whose neuroses or psychoses might find an outlet in airplane hijacking, but they must number thousands among the millions of the afflicted. Aerial hijacking is getting maximum publicity and becoming a special sort of spectator sport. At *The Sicilian Clan*, the movie audience cheers when the hijacking of the jewels is brought off (at first). It won't be so hilarious when an airliner goes down with all on board as the result of an attempted hijacking.

How serious the Barkley situation was can be gauged from the fact that Captain Williams, a humane and heroic man and a good extempore psychologist, could do nothing with this hijacker. Barkley told the crew, "When you go, you shouldn't go alone. You should take as many people and as much money as possible. Never go alone." On the second landing at Dulles, the airport manager tossed Williams a revolver and the pilot fully intended to shoot Barkley, but the FBI men got to him first.

None of the technological ideas for hijack prevention seems to promise a solution by itself. Some may work under some conditions but not under others. The President may appoint still another commission, but it is not likely to come up with anything that has not already been suggested. The simplest and most reliable protection is to search the passengers and their hand luggage on all transcontinental and transoceanic flights, and on a random basis on shorter flights. Done with maximum publicity, this would deter a certain number of potential hijackers. The fewer the number of hijackings, the less the chance of a catastrophe.

Searching for weapons when aircraft are being loaded

is not an unprecedented measure. It is done on flights from Bombay to Tel Aviv and on flights in Brazil. Properly organized, it need not add more than twenty or thirty minutes to the loading time. The cost would not be insupportable—it might involve doubling the personnel at the checkout gate. This must be measured against the possible loss of a \$6 million aircraft and the millions in liability suits in a major disaster. The passengers would tolerate what is certainly a nuisance but the lesser evil. They would feel safer, and the airlines would get back that portion of the traffic they are losing which may be attributable to fear of hijacking, a loss which would increase enormously in the event of a disaster.

Any such proposal must raise the issue of the invasion of privacy, a matter particularly sensitive in a time when "stop and frisk" and no-knock searches are becoming the practice among police agencies. It would be better, obviously, if there were no hijacking and therefore no problem. But what is proposed is a quick search for a specific and conspicuous object, and it would be conducted not by any government agency but by employees of the airlines. It is better to initiate limited, routine searches for weapons than to wait for disaster.

## The Prodigal

The guest list for the White House dinner given in honor of the President of Venezuela and Mrs. Caldera reads like a fairly typical Dick-and-Pat assortment. From the Senate, Hruska, Spong and Gurney; from the House, Edwards (Ala.) and Bush (Tex.). Nelson and David Rockefeller—of course—and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Black (Shirley Temple). Quite a lot of Army brass, a spate of industrialists and other solid citizens, including the president of Time-Life Broadcast, Inc.

And there in the middle, so to speak, of this certifiable Establishment guest list, a name appears—Jay Lovestone. Home at last! The Secretary of State for George Meany, ex-Communist *extraordinaire*, has come in from the cold, close to the warmth and radiance of wealth and power and elegance, sole representative of "the poor and oppressed" of American labor. He is rewarded at last, and justly no doubt, for services rendered in Venezuela—"bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease."

## Tell It To Nixon

Several *Nation* correspondents (see letter, p. 738) report that, after writing letters to Mr. Nixon to protest his policies in Southeast Asia, they received first, White House cards thanking them for their support; second, form letters from the "Tell It To Hanoi Committee" urging them to continue encouraging the hard-pressed Commander in Chief with letters to him and to their Congressmen. The latest of these miscarriages, dated June 3, advises that on November 4, 1969, the writer's wife wrote a letter to Mr. Nixon, "saying, in effect, that he had the brains of an egg-sucking dog and was sliding down Dean Rusk's slippery slope to some place or other. In due course she received a lavishly embossed White House card thanking her for her support of the President in this our Hour of Peril. Today, she got a

form letter from the 'Tell It To Hanoi Committee,' with a New York post office box address, saying that she and other Silent Majoritarians should again take pen in hand to spur the President on to even bolder ventures in behalf of our National Security."

These occurrences raise a suspicion that the letters of protest to the President are tossed into the same bin with the letters of approbation, thus confusing the ratio of favorable to unfavorable mail reported to the media by the Presidential press agents. They are then bundled over to the "Tell It To Hanoi Committee," further confusing these direct-mail hard-hats. *The Nation* is glad to offer its friendly offices in an effort to straighten things out.

## E. M. Forster

Next week, *The Nation* will publish a personal reminiscence of and tribute to E. M. Forster by Richard Stern. Here the editors offer a few passages from the essay, "De Senectute," written by Forster when he was in his late 70s.

*The identification of old age with growing old must also be avoided. Growing old is an emotion which comes over us at almost any age. I had it myself violently between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, and still possess a diary recording my despair.*

*The belief that wisdom is always the outcome [of old age], and that it is communicable, and that it is helpful when communicated form the triple foundation*

*of the Senatorial Heresy. . . . As a prophet or guide the Senator is quite useless. He can, however, be esteemed as an exhibit, and on that narrow pedestal a case for him can be made. . . . A few Senators are works of art; or, to attempt more precision, they display ethical deposits which can be regarded aesthetically.*

[The "golden wedding" class] is of great social importance, and any civilization that hinders it from coming into being has failed. It includes as its highest achievement the married couple who have not quarrelled too much, who have produced children and have not alienated them, and who have received, as their final reward, the collusion of their grandchildren. . . . With them must be classed, though less excitingly, old people who have seen each other constantly over a long period, and want to go on seeing each other. The true history of the human race is the history of human affection. In comparison with it all other histories—including economic history—are false.

Old people meeting for the first time present a most entertaining spectacle. The other day, at a public reception, I had the advantage of observing one distinguished old man introduce a second to a third. The newly-mets shook hands in a spirit of determined amity, which was shared by their genial go-between. "Situated as we both are, I am sure you will not let me down," they seemed to say, and they glanced at each other's medals, ribbons, necklaces, and decorated buttocks without envy, yet without contempt.

## EUROPE LOOKS WEST

# THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

## DANIEL SINGER

*Mr. Singer, long a member of the editorial staff of The Economist (London), was that journal's Paris correspondent from 1958 to 1969. He has commented frequently from Paris on the BBC and the CBC. The following article is taken from Mr. Singer's Prelude to Revolution: France in May 1968, to be published next month by Hill & Wang.*

It should surprise no one that the European revolutionaries are not inspired by the American dream. Nobody, after all, expected the fighters for national liberation in the post-Napoleonic era to cherish the memory of Metternich, and the United States is now a much mightier pillar of the new Holy Alliance for the preservation of the *status quo*. It intervenes, directly or by proxy, wherever the social order is threatened, from Taiwan to Greece to Guatemala. Whenever they are under attack, profit and privilege can rely on the forces of "freedom." In Vietnam the American bombers spell out for the local population the bloody message "Better dead than red." The Green Berets are ready to jump in order to rescue the ruling oligarchies of the banana and other republics of Latin America (though the profits of American companies are now better insured by training local troops for the struggle against

"subversion"). Like a black knight in nuclear armor the United States Navy patrols the seas, proclaiming that no more social revolutions will be allowed, that China's in 1949 was the last to be tolerated, while the Cuban affair was simply a misunderstanding. The Vietnamese resistance aroused enthusiasm far from Hanoi and Saigon because it challenged American presumption and proved that human courage still counted even in the world of nuclear balance. The Tet offensive in 1968 drove Western students to action because it revealed that the enemy was not invincible. Che Guevara, alive or dead, was hailed as the symbol of solidarity, of the international nature of the anti-imperialist struggle.

The salesmen of the American dream, and they are legion in Europe, prefer to bypass this role of international gendarme, or to justify it in terms of domestic achievement. They point to the democratic niceties, to the civil liberties the United States can still afford. They stress even more the economic achievement, the technological lead, the intellectual investment that vast accumulation has rendered possible, the level of research and management, the high productivity—in short, the superior wealth of the nation; and they turn to the young revolutionaries with the rhetorical question: Can you dismiss the Ameri-

can model in spite of all this? The answer is not in spite of it but because of it. The most frightening prospect, the American nightmare, is that with so much wealth man should not be able to build a different kind of society. In fact, the Europeans are merely echoing the indictment of America's New Left which, instead of being dazzled by the moon, points to the dark side of American society; its inequality and racism, its collective poverty amid private plenty, its derelict health services, its belated



Padry, Le Herisson (Paris)

"Where's the Brake on this Damned Thing?"

discovery of pollution and urban chaos—and to the system responsible for it all.

To its admirers, the United States has discovered the secret of perpetual motion for capitalism. Advertising, as a new dynamic method of sales promotion, is a way of getting rid of industrial surpluses superior to that of coffee burning in agriculture. Above all, with military expenditures absorbing, even in official figures, about one-tenth of the national product, the state has a powerful lever to direct the rhythm of output. Advanced capitalism differs from its predecessor. The vagaries of the cycle are less pronounced, unemployment is relatively smaller, growth comparatively more regular. This is not the place to discuss whether this post-Keynesian equilibrium, resting on a militarization of the economy unprecedented in peacetime, is stable and lasting. The painful discovery of America's rulers is that even while the going is good, the system runs into new contradictions. American expansion meets resistance at home, as well as abroad. The outsiders rebel. The hitherto passive blacks refuse to continue being pariahs in the alleged land of plenty. The growing movement of protest among students and the radical part of the intelligentsia is a symptom of something deeper—the clash between the direction to which the expansion of productive forces is geared and the social needs of our age.

The "consumer society" is a misnomer suggesting that at least, as regards consumption, the average citizen is the uncrowned king. Though his material conditions have in many ways improved beyond recognition, modern man is still an alienated producer and a highly conditioned buyer of goods, a dissatisfied purchaser of leisure and pleasure with very little control over his environment. A producer society, guided by industrial and commercial profit, would be a much more accurate description. That

problems such as pollution and urban decay are tackled only when they become unbearable is in the logic of things. Modern capitalism has changed enough in method and manner to face up to the unprofitable when it is under pressure. But it has preserved its essence. Profit remains its ultimate driving force, and it is intrinsically unable to confront the collective or individual problems of our society from any other angle. Consciously or unconsciously, this is what the protest is really about.

The similarity of some of its manifestations on both sides of the Atlantic is quite natural. The Englishman, the Frenchman or the German traveling in the United States is less struck by contrasts than by resemblances. He has the strange impression of making a journey through his own country's more or less distant future. For the most political among them, however impressed they may be by the technological progress, it is a journey to night's end. They know that this is their inevitable prospect unless Europe can forge a different kind of society. The bitter controversies between "Europeans" and "anti-Europeans" are really irrelevant in this context. The conflict that has begun cuts across continental as well as national frontiers. The European protesters who look ahead are joining hands with America's New Left. In Western Europe the real division is between those who seek socialism and those who opt for the American model. "*Et tout le reste est littérature.*" It was no accident if during the French May crisis the United States authorities trembled for the fate of Gaullism. They sensed, quite rightly, that the forces then launching the assault against Gaullism are the same that are waging the struggle against Europe's American future.

The conflict is now intercontinental, and so is the solidarity. Revolutionary "grouplets" across Western Europe used to look exclusively to the Third World, to the Vietnamese or the Latin American guerrillas fighting against United States imperialism from without. They are now also looking to America's young radicals, who are beginning to carry on the same struggle from within. By the same token, they have discovered their own independent and intermediate role.

In mood at least, there are some parallels between the present period and the middle of the 19th century in Europe. Then, too, solidarity was the order of the day, and during the so-called "Spring of the People," fighters for national liberation journeyed from country to country battling "for your freedom and ours." Now, whatever policemen may think, direct intervention is still rare. The community of purpose and struggle is nevertheless growing. Europe's young students and workers salute their fellows across the Atlantic with the new message: "Against your present and our future."

West wind, east wind. . . . There is nothing new in the violent reaction of Europe's radicals against American interventionism nor in their hostile rejection of the American model. The real novelty is that the Soviet Union has practically vanished as a counter-attraction. During the French crisis there were many references to the Bolshevik October, but none, apart from contemptuous dissociation, to the bureaucratic rule of Stalin's heirs. This antagonism or indifference to the Soviet model—revisionist for some,

Stalinist for others, irrelevant for most—characteristic of the May Movement, was one of the reasons why orthodox Communists viewed it from the start with deep mistrust. Yet even the orthodox in the West are by now highly discreet about citing the Soviet Union as an example. They are particularly reticent about dwelling on the prospects of the Soviet bloc since the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Spring in 1968 flourished in unison in Paris and Prague, but hopes faded separately. The French crisis was over, at least temporarily, by the time the Russian tanks

rolled into Prague on August 21, and their invasion marked the beginning of the end of the unique experiment of Czech students and workers. The epilogue in Prague came after the French act, and thus could not affect it. But it has affected the European horizon. The Czech tragedy throws a new light on the problem of the dismantlement of Stalinism in Eastern Europe. It makes it necessary to reassess the hope of a Socialist revival within the Soviet bloc and, by the same token, the chances that inspiration in Europe may once again come from the East. □

## LIBYA: OASIS OF OIL

### ORLANDO MARTINEZ

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#### *Palma de Mallorca*

Libya is huge—more than three times the size of France; more than five times that of Italy. Yet its population is less than 2 million; about 2.5 persons per square mile. Few people gave much thought to the country until, ten years ago, it changed from being one of the poorest to one of the richest nations in the world. Those who knew anything about it knew, perhaps, that its capital, Tripoli, had been a haunt of Barbary pirates. Or they were aware of the breathtaking Roman remains of Leptis Magnus, on the coast.

That may be why little space was devoted to Libya in the world's press last September when twenty young officers overthrew 79-year-old King Said Mohammed Idris, the last of the Senoussi dynasty, and established a republic. This could prove to have been a significant oversight, for the officers vowed to make theirs a Socialist republic. Libya's Council of the Revolution, its ruling body, is the youngest group directing the affairs of any nation today. Col. Mu'Ameer el Khadafi, the President, is 20 years old; the youngest minister is 24 and the oldest is ex-journalist Saleh Buweisir, known at 46 as the "old man."

Changes in the life of Libya's people began the very day the new government took over. Total prohibition was introduced, *Gazouze* and other local soft drinks replacing alcohol. Pepsi-Cola has become as important on Libyan dinner tables as wine on those of France. Visitors arriving at Tripoli's airport note that all European lettering on signs has been replaced with Arabic. Street names, restaurant menus, even the registers in hotels are in Arabic. This is not convenient for foreigners, but when I asked why the change had to be, a Libyan answered: "When we go to England we have to read English; therefore visitors here can read Arabic. After all, more than 200 million people speak Arabic, and it is far older than most European languages. Under the old regime, English was obligatory in schools. Today teaching is in Arabic and English is voluntary."

"It is not that we are anti-British, anti-American or

anti-anything. It is simply that we want our young to be proud of their heritage. We fought wars, for instance, against the Italians for years. And yet there are more than 23,000 Italians still living happily amongst us. [In Tripoli, newspapers are published in Italian and English as well as Arabic.]

"Of course, it is not pleasant to remember that the British brought King Idris back to the throne after he had run away during the war. He came back only when General Montgomery's troops made the country safe for him.

"In the past, every time the British Ambassador clapped his hands, Idris jumped. And everything the Americans wished for he gave them. Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Spaniards, Turks, Italians and English have called the tune in Libya. Now for the first time we govern our own country."

Though the last 300 British soldiers and airmen who had been stationed at el Aden Airbase in Cyrenaica left Tobruk at the end of March, British influence will still be felt. An English military representation in the form of an army and naval mission will remain in Tripoli to train Libyan servicemen. The British also have a contract to supply the Libyan army with fifty Chieftain tanks. Almost 20 per cent of the oil business is controlled by U.K. firms, and at least 5,000 English men and women are employed in the country.

The nation's officer-led revolution is still without a philosophy, a long-term plan. It is definitely not Marxist, though they say that theirs is an Arab Socialist republic. All privileges have been abolished, all Libyans are now equal under the law. And the government nationalized all banks by taking over 51 per cent of their capital.

Foreign journalists who visited the country to cover the departure of the British troops tended to overlook another significant event that took place about the same time. In an official announcement, the Council of Ministers stated their intention to establish monopolies, with but one factory or establishment supplying each product. This applies equally to goods produced for export and for local consumption. Foreign capital investment will be allowed in large and medium industrial enterprises that show an export potential, but the government will retain at least 51 per cent of the ownership in each such undertaking. All enterprises must employ a greater percentage

of Libyan nationals than has hitherto been customary.

Private enterprise is to be encouraged by making loans from government industrial banks easily available to small businessmen. Agricultural production, barely sufficient to meet present basic requirements, will also be encouraged in order to satisfy the greater demands that are inevitable with a higher standard of living. I was assured time and again that, in future, Libyan taxes would be negligible, since revenues from oil exports would pay for government expenses and essential services. Minimum salaries have been raised and rents lowered, including the rents of foreigners resident in Libya.

Captain Jalloud, the 26-year-old Minister of the Interior, and a personal friend of President Khadafi, appears to fulfill the role of organizer and spokesman for the government. When asked about the new policies, he replied:

We shall continue to respect private property. But we will limit its expansion, for we are not convinced it should have complete liberty of action. Look, Tunisia next door has been an independent and free enterprise economy for more than twenty years. And yet its workers are clamoring at the doors of our embassy in Tunis every day in an effort to obtain visas to come here and work.

I have read Marx. I have followed with great interest the Cuban Revolution. But I do not believe there exists a class struggle in our country. *I do know that we have no Communists.* We shall accept the services, the aid, of any men who are responsible and have competent ideas. And we are willing to accept revolutionary ideas from other struggles.

Libyan syndicates—they are akin to your trade unions—which in the past compromised with the old regime, will now have a greater role to play. They must help in the education of the workers. We have to industrialize our country; improve our agriculture. And we will not only encourage the small entrepreneurs but offer greater incentive materially to Libyan peasants and workers to produce more. We have a problem that appears to be universal. Our young do not like to remain in rural districts. We have to encourage them to stay and work on the land.

Captain Jalloud ended with a confident smile. "One thing is certain," he said, "we can pay for our development from our own resources."

Before World War I the wealthiest Libyans were those dealing in slaves. After World War II the rich were those scrap-iron merchants who scavenged the hardware left from the battles in the desert. But ten years ago oil was discovered. Today, Libya ranks fourth among the world's exporters of oil, and its sands cover the seventh largest known reserves. Yet its desert is still largely unexplored.

From 1961 until the end of October 1969, 4,000 million barrels were carried in 1,000 tankers to Italy, France, Belgium, England and Yugoslavia. Last year 160 million tons flowed overseas from Port Zuwaitina. And each year more than \$1 billion has flowed back in royalties to Libya. For the time being, the young officers realize that it would be impractical to nationalize the oil. In fact, they are courting more foreign investment. The oil men are not worried. They continue to draw rich dividends from

their investments, their workers in the field continue to enjoy the weather, receive fat payrolls and *Playboy* each month. But a stricter control of the oil companies is inevitable.

Minister of Petrol Ezzedin Mabrouk, who is aware that the country is unable to exploit the oil on its own, told me: "In 1960, when the oil companies started to put up their derricks in Libyan Sahara, we thought that the desert was to be our curse. Eight companies started to drill here, with their machines, their dollars and their technicians. They promised to lift our people out of misery. Yet in ten years they trained only two Libyan oil specialists. True, royalties began to pour in, but they went into the coffers of the King and his favorites." One of the first acts of the new government was to open an inquiry as to how government employees under King Idris amassed fortunes.

By September 1969, Libya was the sixth petroleum producer in the world, pumping 140 million tons a year. Yet most of its fewer than 2 million people lived in the Middle Ages. Five years ago in an army camp outside London, a Libyan lieutenant was told by his fellow officers in the mess: "Yours is a rich country." The young man said nothing for a moment. Then throwing a worn photograph of a primitive Bedouin tent located somewhere in the desert onto the table, the 24-year-old Mu'Ameer el Khadafi said: "That is where I was born." He could have added, "and that is how most of my people still live."

The President told me that the only alteration made in his family's tent since he became Chief of State is the addition of his photo, but many changes in the lives of all Libyans are now to take place. An immediate indication is that the government has ordered the oil companies to construct new housing and establish better living conditions for the workers.

Khadafi, Jalloud and all the other leaders know that Libya must depend on outside friends. "Our country is the crossroads between the Masriq [the Middle East], the Maghreb in the west and Black Africa," Captain Jalloud had said. "Our nation is large, we have long frontiers, few roads. And we have great riches. Others envy us. We could be a coveted fruit. This is why we have decided to organize our national defense. And we give priority to aviation."

But as the country has only thirteen pilots and 100 training in Greece, giving airplanes to Libya is somewhat like giving electric iceboxes to Bolivia's Indians. Jalloud continued:

We wish good relations with all countries. King Idris

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had relations with Nationalist China and we retain them. The Soviet Union is our friend. We did not ask the United States to leave Wheelus Airbase because we are anti-American. We asked them to go because only when all foreign bases have been removed from Libyan soil will we be truly independent. Our independence will begin when the Americans have left before the end of June. They came in 1954 and have had more than 5,000 personnel living there. Theirs was a life apart. They had their churches, schools, clubs, golf courses. And their supermarkets were filled with American wives doing their shopping with curlers in their hair, while wearing their favorite Bermuda shorts. Wheelus cost the Americans more than \$5 million which, of course, went to King Idris and his friends.

Our policies with France suit both parties now. We shall see what develops. For a while it appeared that the successors of de Gaulle doubted his Arab policy. Now they give the impression of realizing that good relations with the Arab world are fruitful for them. In January the French Government signed a contract with the Libyans to supply them with 100 Mirage bombers. The first planes are to arrive before the end of the year. Even the Japanese have shown an interest in doing business with us. And we welcome them.

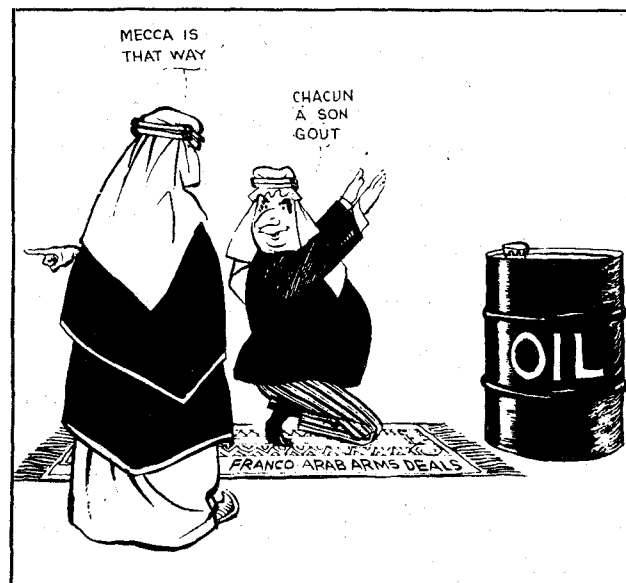
Why do Europeans mock us when we speak of Arab unity? They speak of European unity, yet they have fought one another for centuries. We would like to be a part of the Maghreb—the union of Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria and Libya. But the others see the Maghreb primarily as a political unit, while we see it as an economic one. Consequently, at the present stage, uniting Morocco, with its traditional Islamic Monarch Hassan, Socialist oil-rich Algeria, the U.S.-supported Tunisia of Habib Bourguiba and Libya with our oil, would be as difficult as mixing oil with water.

In the past these nations largely ignored us. But when their technocrats started to think in terms of a Maghreb in 1964, they realized they needed a banker and remembered us—Esso Oasis.

The last conference of Maghreb's steering committee, which was to be held in Rabat's Hilton Hotel, aborted when the Libyans could not or did not wish to attend. When I visited the steering committee's permanent headquarters in Tunis it was apparent that the Tunisians, who have most to gain from a North African common market, are most interested in seeing it materialize: the oil-rich Algerians and Libyans are the least interested.

It is obvious as one walks about Tripoli's streets that Libya's cultural and sentimental ties are with Egypt. Gamal Abdel Nasser's photo is in every shop window, alongside that of Khadafi. And Libyans are proud to point out that at least 6,000 Egyptian specialists—mainly doctors, nurses, lab technicians and military advisers, are working in the country. They, along with some 300,000 Libyans who have returned from exile, are "helping to build the new society."

Every Libyan one speaks to is aware that oil revenues alone will not solve their problems. In a community of less than 2 million people everyone, including the women, must contribute. In the capital, girls go about as do their mini-skirted European counterparts, but a large percentage of Libya's women still remain outside the social-economic life. Veils are more common here than in any other North African country; many go about with only



Macpherson, Toronto Star

one eye uncovered. Three-quarters of the boys of school age attend classes, but only a third of the girls. At present, one out of every ten students goes on to the university. And for the time being the army still offers the most attractive future to a clever young man.

Libyans live more in accordance with the teachings of Islam than do other North Africans. President Khadafi, a slender, soft-spoken teetotaler who sets an example by not smoking, and eats only those foods prescribed in the Koran, prays facing Mecca every day. All members of the government I spoke to reminded me that "Islam is the foundation of our socialism. Therefore the struggle of the Palestinians is our struggle." But, they were quick to add, they are not anti-Semitic or anti-Jewish. "We are also Semites, and anti-Semitism is an Occidental invention. It is the Israelis who are anti-Semites. Have you visited their country and seen the treatment North African Jews receive? How is it that Sammy Davis, Jr., can become a citizen of Israel and yet Yasir Arafat who is probably descended from the prophet Solomon cannot even live in the country of his birth? We wish justice for all. Why cannot the Jews and Arabs live together as they always did in the past? We would like to see a Palestinian state created in which the rights of the Jewish minority would be respected."

It is indeed apparent to even the most casual visitor that no form of racism exists in Libya. All shades of color, in all classes of society, mix easily on all sides. In offices, shops, hotels, restaurants, in the streets, on beaches, black, brown and white live and work together in harmony. But it also becomes obvious, when speaking with Libyans from any walk of life, that a vast majority of them, never having had any contact with democracy, are politically naive. Socialism, Marxism, democracy are words with little or no meaning to them. The words of the Koran are what they understand, and the young leaders of Libya's revolution do not hesitate to employ Islam as a vehicle for unity.

Until the less sophisticated majority of the people is better educated, democratic institutions such as political

parties, free elections, etc., could be abused. "For," it was pointed out by one of the country's ministers, "surely in other more advanced countries you have had many, many instances where your well-educated electors have chosen men to represent them who least served their, the voters', interests. Your histories are filled with the names of dishonorable men voted into office by honorable, well-meaning people. For the time being our greatest problems are socio-economic: those of a rich country with a socially backward population."

Obviously the economic life of the people must be diversified, so that it does not rely solely upon the production and export of one commodity. But the people are

few and the natural resources limited. Other than oil, Libya has little in the way of raw materials, and given this scarcity, concentration in the production of goods that require a minimum of raw materials and a maximum of skill present the most attractive solution. "Admittedly," a syndicate leader assured me, "we do not have the skilled workers today. But we are in a position to invest in highly capitalized units of production, to make up for the shortage of skilled personnel with greater mechanization."

"And," he added as we shook hands on parting, "our leaders are young. They have the possibility of leading our people straight from the age of the camel to that of automation without having taken off their *jelabbas*." □

## SCIENCE

# The Movement vs. the Establishment

### CHARLES SCHWARTZ

*Mr. Schwartz is a professor of physics at the University of California. He is a contributor to the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists and co-founder of Scientists and Engineers for Social and Political Action.*

#### Berkeley

Science means knowledge, a thing pure and noble in itself. Or is it? The question being asked more and more frequently today is whether our great increase in scientific knowledge and skill is helping mankind or threatening it. The enterprise of science is made up of men and money; it is a big and powerful business, a vital part of the national and world scenes, and it is governed by a set of institutions. The radical movement in science is a body of people who see the need for drastic change in the institutions that control science and are willing to work toward this end. Their number is small, their organizations are young and scattered, and they do not enjoy the outspoken support of prestigious big names—yet, I believe their mission is essential and I hope to see the movement grow.

I do not regard myself as an expert on the complex, interlocking structures of the institutions of science, but rather as an interested and concerned observer. Perhaps, being removed from the tangle of the trees, I can see the outlines of the forest.

Men of science are mostly to be found congregated at the universities (as teachers and students) and at research laboratories run by universities, private industries and various branches of the government. The money for science comes mostly from the federal government (two-thirds of the \$26 billion spent annually in this country for research and development comes directly from the federal government; about half of this is from the Department of Defense). Thus while it is obvious that the operation of science is thoroughly enmeshed in politics, most individual scientists like to pretend that politics and science are disjoint—which means that they abdicate any personal

responsibility for the development of science as an activity which affects the lives of the people at large. All such worries are left to a small number of experts: a few self-appointed moralists, whom nobody listens to seriously; and a corps of big-time operators, who are relied upon to bring in the funds.

A remarkable system of scientific advisers to government has evolved since World War II. Over these years, a large and friendly structure of committees, advising many branches of the government, has had the services of most of the best scientific minds. This apparatus, based in Washington but connected by the jetways to the major scientific centers, has established the myth that the government is getting the best expert independent advice in shaping its science policy. It is of primary importance that this myth be exposed. (A second myth is that the government would follow good advice if it received such, but that one is already pretty much discredited.) I don't question the technical competence of these government science advisers; the myth I speak of concerns their *independence* (as, for example, one assumes that a court judge is independent of political control).

At the pinnacle of the science adviser scheme is the President's Science Advisory Committee (PSAC). This group of eighteen men, deriving prestige from their own knowledge and the considerable resources open to them, can fairly be described as the nation's "high court of science." The members of PSAC come closer to the seats of power than any other formal group of scientists; and, although its members disclaim that they in any way represent the scientific community, it is inescapable that laymen (both in and out of government) will look to PSAC as the best authority on scientific matters of public concern.

The most difficult part of understanding PSAC is simply to find out what it is doing: all its work is secret. Recently I invited an old friend, now on PSAC, to speak to a small group of graduate students about the workings of this committee. The meeting was more instructive for

its frustrations than for any open communications. Sample: "What advice did PSAC give to Nixon on the ABM issue?" "That is confidential, I can't tell you." "Did PSAC ever consider the Safeguard ABM an issue?" "I can't tell you that either."

It should be clear that in complaining about this governmental secrecy I am not even raising the traditional problem of specific technical data which might be thought of military advantage to a potential enemy. What I am concerned with is the fundamental need in a democracy for the basic inputs and processes of governmental decision making to be exposed, so that every citizen and every component of the government may consider the available alternatives. Particularly in the realm of complex technical matters, such as nuclear weaponry, the Congress and the public very much need expert advice that they can rely on. Thus when the President announced (in March 1969) his decision to proceed with the Safeguard ABM system it was naturally *assumed* that this decision had the support of the scientists who stand ready to advise the President. However, the fact that PSAC members observe total silence allows their endorsement to be stated by implication, and means that we may be the victims of a "scientific lie." (The best rumors on this issue are that PSAC had for years consistently advised against an ABM system; and that it was not consulted about Nixon's Safeguard proposal until after that decision had been announced.)

The argument given in defense of the present arrangement is that the President is entitled to the best scientific advice available, and that any advice given to him is a personal service which must remain confidential. This might be persuasive if the President were a king. However, in our society there is a higher priority: it is that the *citizen* must have the best scientific advice. At present there is no institutional arrangement with prestige and resources equivalent to those of PSAC to provide open technical advice to the Congress and to the public. The best experts have been pre-empted by the Pentagon and the White House. Thus the *inside* experts are muffled (in cases where the political forces wish to ignore their opinions) and the *outside* experts can be denounced as fuzzy-headed know-nothings.

A few individuals have dropped out of the government-advising business because they were unhappy about some aspect of policy, but I am aware of no man of stature who has publicly complained of the way in which science is manipulated by the government. Some of the scientists who personally espouse liberal views rationalize their complicity on the basis of "win a few, lose a few." I shudder to think that there may be others, like one distinguished colleague with whom I spoke recently, who think that they are members of a select "gentlemen's club." This man was justifying his participation in the Jason division of IDA (the Institute of Defense Analysis) by saying that he greatly enjoyed working on these fascinating problems of national defense in the company of many of the brightest theoretical physicists in the country. I said that I would rather think of their work as representing "public trust" rather than a "private club," since the work they did and the recommendations they forwarded would have very important consequences not only

for him but also for me, my children, and every other man in the street. His reply was, "You don't know the half of it!"

The manipulation of scientific data is not limited to PSAC and the ABM. I have heard of IDA reports being suppressed because their conclusions disagreed with the preconceived position of a politically powerful person; and I have heard that this happened with civilian issues (the SST) as well as with military projects [Rep. Henry S. Reuss has in fact turned up four or five "secret" reports on the SST.] The Pentagon has made the "selective declassification" of technical information a familiar game.

To complete the picture of the institutions which control science one more category must be mentioned: the professional societies—AAAS, APS, ACA, IEEE, *ad infinitum*; and also the honorary National Academy of Sciences. Most of these associations were formed many years ago for the purpose of advancing knowledge in particular areas of science and engineering; and as the professions have grown in numbers and importance, societies have remained the primary framework within which to conduct the basic commerce of science. Aside from publishing journals and arranging meetings, the assumed mission of these organizations has been the self-aggrandizement of the members of the profession. A few now seem to be trying to develop a social conscience and to relate their work to the woes and needs of the general society. Much of this is only gloss. The professional societies all strive to remain "apolitical," but what this really means is that they wish to avoid public controversy, particularly the kind that might put them at odds with the Establishment. For whether it is acknowledged or not, the current first "responsibility" of the profession is to maintain the influx of money that has allowed it to flourish.

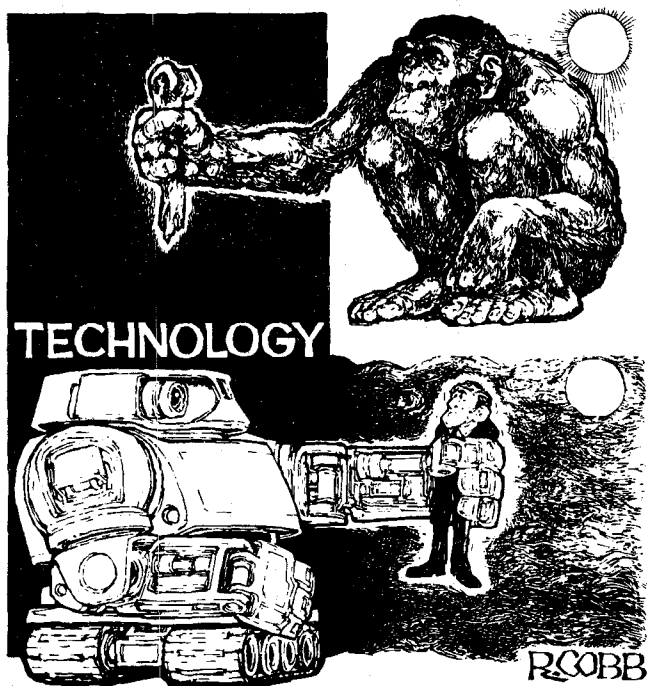
The science establishment consists of that set of men who have sat on the several important science advisory committees in Washington, have held office in the leading professional societies, have served as deans and similar potentates at the major universities, and have done other good deeds as consultants and directors of corporations heavily committed to modern technology. It would be a revealing task to collect the names of these men and the posts they have held over the past twenty years. Many of the most successful have naturally moved among several of these chairs; the overall picture is one of interlocking solidarity.

This science establishment has very real power inside the national political Establishment, a power that was most openly demonstrated several months ago in the case of the appointment of Dr. Franklin Long to the directorship of the NSF. When President Nixon vetoed Dr. Long's appointment (because of his stated opposition to the ABM program) there was a sharp outcry about "political meddling in purely scientific areas," and the President was forced to recant. Mr. Nixon fought the U.S. Senate all the way on the Haynsworth nomination, as he did on the ABM issue; but he quickly bowed to the collected leaders of science on the Long case, as he bowed to the wishes of another powerful professional lobby—the AMA—in blocking the Knowles appointment.

Despite many protestations to the contrary, self-interest comes first in the thinking of the science establishment. Eminent scientists help the Department of Defense on its

military problems, and the DOD has been a continuing source of generous grants for the abstract research that these men pursue at their universities. (As for the big accelerator laboratories, the AEC is a convenient cover-up source of funds. It is nominally a civilian agency of the government; but the Congressmen who approve these expenditures understand that the AEC serves our military program.) If the scientists and the military seem to have such a mutually beneficial arrangement, one should not jump to the conclusion of some improper liaison. The science advisers say that they are really good liberals, working hard to keep the military in check; and the military people say that they are really concerned with the long-range technological development of the country and are happy to divert a small fraction of their huge budget for basic research, since the Congress is not wise enough to do so directly. It sounds like a nice plan to those inside the machine; but on the outside one can see that the military power grows and grows and the public welfare encounters only greater burdens.

I would like to bring a general indictment against the structure and operation of the whole science adviser system in the government, and wish I could present more concrete evidence than the few rumors and generalizations cited above. To do this properly would probably require



the full power of a Congressional investigation. However, the items I have cited and the picture I have painted are really not new; they are matters of common knowledge among a great many established scientists. At the least, one can say that once the *potential* for political misuse of scientific information and advice is made clear, the situation is already dangerous. As matters involving more and more complicated technology occupy the stage center of national debates, it becomes imperative that we maintain public confidence and trust in the soundness of our scientific competence. This burden falls not only upon the federal government but, even more sharply, upon the whole scientific community.

Science as a whole is being abused by the powerful political, industrial and military interests, and we are all losers. The distinguished statesmen or the traditional organizations that one might have hoped would step forward to set this trouble aright cannot be found. So, in response to this specific corruption of science (which some see as an inevitable part of the general corruption of America today), a radical movement has sprung up. The general style and tactics of this movement follow the larger student radical movement that has arisen on the campuses in the last five years; but the radical movement specific to the scientists is only about one year old. It is vigorous, but polite; and it is not encumbered by any great amount of political ideology.

The March 4, 1969 research stoppage is its single most enterprising activity to date. Invented by a few graduate students at M.I.T., taken over by a sincere group of faculty members at that venerable institution, and replicated at thirty or so other research centers throughout the country, this event was billed as the scientific community's own protest against the grave misuses of science and technology. After the one day of fervid breast-beating, most scientists went back to their laboratories. Some, such as the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS) at M.I.T. and elsewhere, formed study groups to advance scholarly solutions of the many technical problems they had just complained about. A few groups, such as the Science Action Coordinating Committee (SACC), became the gathering points for the younger scientific protesters, dedicated to action and eager for some results.

Beginning at about the same time, but independent of the M.I.T. movement and growing out from the San Francisco Bay Area, a radical caucus of scientists took the name of Scientists and Engineers for Social and Political Action (SESPA). The announcement of its formation said in part:

An essential task is one of self-identification. We reject the old credo that "research means progress and progress is good." Reliance on such simplistic ethical codes has led to mistaken or even perverted uses of our scientific talents. As an antidote we shall establish a forum where all concerned scientists—and especially students and younger members of the profession—may explore the questions, Why are we scientists? For whose benefit do we work? What is the full measure of our moral and social responsibility?

This group held its inaugural meeting at the annual convention of the American Physical Society in New York in February 1969, and stimulated the formation of numerous small groups across the country. Communication is maintained through a regular newsletter, but the emphasis is on local initiative and action rather than on centralized policy. The group generated considerable fanfare and official discomfort at the APS meeting and, as a radical caucus, continues to play two roles: its members will try from within to broaden the scope of the parent body's activities; and as independent concerned scientists, they will take public positions on controversial issues of their own choosing.

The country-wide debate over the Safeguard ABM proposal was an unavoidable issue and scientists right across the political spectrum took part. It was of course

the leading topic at the March 4th symposia. The UCS published a good booklet for laymen on the facts of ABM (and later another on the MIRV); SACC and SESPA in Boston leafletted at shopping centers; SESPA organized a scientists' march on the White House; men with distinguished records of government service testified before Congressional committees. Even the standoffish APS became involved. Some activists requested that the society hold a session on the "technical aspects of the ABM system" at SESPA's Washington meeting; and faced with repeated emphasis on the word "technical," the conservative council of this society could find no honorable way to withhold its consent. It was clear to most people before this meeting—and to everyone after it—that it was impossible to talk about technical aspects without getting involved in political aspects. SESPA distributed a simple questionnaire to the assembled physicists and was able to announce to the press the next day that the sample of 2,000 informed professionals had expressed more than a 3-to-1 opposition to the Safeguard ABM proposal. That is public service.

Physicists have not been alone in their emergent science activism. Perhaps the most dedicated group is the Medical Committee for Human Rights, a group of mostly young doctors engaged in a David vs. Goliath struggle to eradicate the inadequacies and corruptions entrenched in the profit-oriented medical profession. Some members of the biological sciences have been actively opposing chemical and biological warfare research. An interesting situation arose in connection with a proposal to conduct a scientific investigation of the efforts of military defoliation operations in Vietnam. Early in 1968 the AAAS said that it could not and would not get involved. Then at its annual meeting later that year it agreed to set up a committee to investigate the question. When the officials delayed taking action, an *ad hoc* Scientists' Committee got together and paid for a preliminary fact-finding visit to Vietnam by two university biologists.

While big national issues, such as ABM and CBW, draw much attention, it is recognized that the problems facing members of the radical movement are deep-rooted, and that the best place to concentrate is close to home. The most prominent events of the last year have been the forceful protests against war-related research on university campuses—principally at Stanford and M.I.T. Most of the student demonstrations involved a body larger than the scientists and engineers themselves, and were probably inspired by a general revulsion to anything that is related to war. Yet the activist scientists have played an important role by trying to give these protests a meaningful objective. If objectionable war research is simply separated from the campus, it will undoubtedly continue elsewhere. The aim must be to reduce the amount of this weapons work and in particular to stop the more dangerous projects. Many scientists would prefer that the university maintain a strong influence in the weapons laboratories, thus exerting some humanizing pressures. Others think that prospect is hopeless and they talk of "destroying" the weapons research programs.

The radical movement in science is real and alive, though still in its infant years. Most people who sit in

"positions of leadership and responsibility" have managed thus far to ignore it. Those of us involved see it primarily as an informative program, aimed as much at our silent professional colleagues as at the bewildered public. How long this specific movement will last, whether it will grow or dwindle, I cannot guess; but there is certainly plenty of work to be done.

Beyond the squabbling between "the Establishment" and "the movement," beyond the occasional campus confrontation, there is a deep, inescapable question for all of us who work as scientists and teachers of science. The idea of the social responsibility of the scientist has been widely accepted—at least in the abstract. We must now ask, How shall this doctrine be implemented? How can we set about to reach the ideal of science as a servant and not the master of a humane society?

First, it is a matter for individual understanding and self-dedication. Each scientist and engineer must analyze as best he can the consequences of his work and then decide whether he is helping or harming the well-being of all people.

Second, it is a matter for collective understanding. It is difficult for an individual to make moral choices in a void; some community norm must emerge. Here the professional societies should become involved, and we scientists should work out something along the line of a professional code of ethics.

Third, it is a matter for us to teach in the schools. Here, I think, is a glaring deficiency which we, the teachers of science and engineering, could readily repair. When we teach about science to nonscience students we mostly brag of our achievements in understanding the physical universe, but fail to point out the dangers inherent in man's ability to exploit nature. When we train young men and women who will become tomorrow's scientists and engineers we teach them *how* to do great things with modern theory and technology, but we do not teach them *why* they should do these things—or when they should not. We are thoughtful to provide a "liberal education," so that every scientist and engineer is exposed to the noble literature about man's heritage—but those courses are conducted on the "other" side of the campus; "here" is where they get their technical training, their real education. Like oil and water, the two cultures are not brought to mix with each other. When we have finished training them, most of our science students work as part of the war machine (because that is where the jobs and money are).

We professors of science and technology are given to wringing our hands about the carelessness with which "someone else" has allowed these things to happen. I think that we, perhaps more than anyone else, are to blame for the mindlessness of a runaway technology. A few attempts have been made to teach regular college courses on the social responsibility of scientists. I found conducting such a course both difficult and exciting. It was not like any (science) course I had ever taught, because there were many more problems than solutions. The students, however, seemed famished for the type of discussion that developed—it is the most "relevant" subject I can imagine for the science student today. There will undoubtedly be much experimentation in this area and I think some regular study of these problems (of and by

scientists) must become a standard part of the curriculum.

Hippocrates not only set down rules of conduct for the physician but specified that each teacher should pass these precepts on to his students. I have heard that at the University of Zagreb, in Yugoslavia, it is now required that each student take an oath when he graduates. I do not know the exact wording, but it is something like:

"I will use the knowledge I have gained only for the benefit of mankind, and never for any harmful purposes." The ceremony of taking such an oath by scientists and engineers (perhaps by all university graduates) is only a symbolic act, but it means that each student will have to give this problem a little thought, at least once before he leaves school. □

## NERVE GAS IN THE ORCHARDS

### RONALD B. TAYLOR

*Mr. Taylor is a California newsman and free-lance writer who has covered farm labor and related subjects in the San Joaquin Valley for the last decade.*

*Visalia, Calif.*

Pesticide poisoning can be slow and insidious. The flu-like symptoms grow daily worse as a worker moves through the field, or climbs in the trees, brushing against contaminated foliage, breathing the residues of deadly chemicals.

Or it can be sudden and violent. A 3-three-old girl, playing in a field near where her parents worked, found a bottle of concentrated phosphate pesticide on an idle tractor. She dipped her finger in, licked it and was dead within minutes.

This year 1,400 Californians will be poisoned, or injured, by pesticides or other agricultural chemicals. Nearly half will be disabled for a time; most will recover, nine or ten will die. These are predictable figures, based on state public health records that show *half the casualties are farm workers*.

The problem is by no means confined to California. In every farm state, pesticide handlers, field workers, children, airplane pilots, even bystanders are poisoned. But no one knows how big the national problem is because California has been the only state to keep records. Its occupational disease statistics show that pesticides make farm work one of the most dangerous of contemporary jobs, and two recent disclosures indicate that the records show only the tip of a tragic iceberg. A quiet—almost secret—federal survey is turning up hundreds of San Joaquin Valley farm laborers who suffer what appear to be symptoms of pesticide poisoning. And Dr. Lee Mizrahi, on the staff of a unique community medicine clinic called Salud [Taylor: "Medical Storm Center," *The Nation*, January 1, 1969], is finding indications of widespread, unreported pesticide poisoning among children of farm workers.

Both the federal survey and the doctor's study are first, tentative steps into uncharted areas. Little is known about the pesticide effects on human beings and most of the attention is now focused on consumer protection, and on the chlorinated hydrocarbon (DDT type) residues on food. As the DDT family of pesticides is restricted, more of the highly toxic, short-lived phosphate poisons are used as replacements. This shift creates more severe occupational hazards for farm workers. The phosphates are cousins of the chemical warfare nerve gas that drifted

45 miles from the Army's Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah and killed 6,400 sheep.

Dr. Thomas Milby, chief of the Occupational Health Division, California Public Health Department, has said: "It is our belief that a major, yet unsolved problem in occupational disease has to do with pesticides. We have to find the extent of the problem, identify the chemicals involved, and design preventative protections." [See "Poisons, Profits and Politics" by Ruth Harmer, *The Nation*, August 25, 1969.]

California is one of fifteen states included in a five-year, U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) study of pesticide problems among farm workers. Using an FDA questionnaire, interviewers from Dr. Milby's division are going from door to door in San Joaquin Valley farm-worker communities, seeking out those who show signs of pesticide poisoning.

In just one sample of 774 workers—unofficially released by an interviewer—85 per cent of the people suffered some of the symptoms. Dr. Milby explained that no medical facts could be determined from the interviews and that the survey was a "pathfinding" operation for studies to follow.

Because Salud Clinic—started in 1967 by Dr. and Mrs. David Brooks—is concerned with a total community approach to individual patient medical problems, it is attacking the pesticide issues. Dr. Mizrahi and two other Salud doctors were conducting a nutrition-hunger study among clinic patients at the time Dr. Milby's staff started its FDA financed survey. Dr. Mizrahi offered to test the cholinesterase (enzyme) level of the fifty-eight youngsters in the hunger study, if the state was interested. Dr. Milby agreed. The blood test for cholinesterase indicated that twenty-seven of the youngsters had apparently been absorbing toxic phosphate poisons. A few had marked cholinesterase depression, *by adult standards*. No normal levels up to now have been established for children.

Dr. Mizrahi said: "It is tragic, and absurd, that such a study, by a rural doctor [himself], should be the first ever done. Frankly, I'm worried. We feel the problem is widespread, but we just don't know."

In an effort to determine norms for children, a co-operating urban pediatrician has established a control group that matches the Salud children in age and sex. But these city children have not worked in the fields and orchards since they were old enough to carry picking buckets.

The phosphate poisons are "nerve gases" in that they destroy cholinesterase enzymes. Cholinesterase is a vital catalyst in the electro-chemical processes of the parasympathetic nerve system. Without this enzyme, the respiratory system begins to malfunction, excessive fluids are secreted, breathing becomes difficult, vision is affected, headaches and nausea frequently occur.

Low-level exposure decreases the amount of cholinesterase slowly, and there is a progressive onset of symptoms. The feeling is not unlike that of coming down with a cold, or the flu. When exposure is eliminated, the symptoms disappear. Most farm workers feel such symptoms. Eye irritations and skin rashes are a part of their working life.

While some of them work directly with the chemicals, most go into the field, or orchard, some time after the pesticide application. They are seldom aware of what chemical was used or of how toxic it may be. Cesar Chavez, director of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC), said when testifying before Sen. Walter Mondale's migratory labor subcommittee: "Literally thousands of workers (across the nation) experience daily symptoms of chemical poisons. . . . Growers consistently use the wrong kinds of economic poisons, in the wrong amounts, in the wrong places, in reckless disregard of the health of their workers, in order to maximize profits."

Because Chavez and the UFWOC staff have raised the issue—and argued with California's Sen. George Murphy about whether or not there was aldrin (pesticide) on Safeway Stores grapes—it is too easy to re-route all pesticide problems into the emotional boycott controversy. Pesticide residues on foods is a consumer issue; occupational health and safety are labor problems, not a Chavez-instigated conspiracy against agriculture.

The phosphate poisons first came into use right after World War II; DDT was the bug killer of first choice, but some of the insects displayed genetic ingenuity, and as they became immune to DDT, chemists came up with the nerve-gas substitutes.

State occupational health records show that phosphate-poisoning problems began to appear in the mid-1940s. They usually occur among the unskilled and semi-skilled, who know little or nothing about the deadly materials. Of the 156 accident reports filed by aircraft dusting operators in 1967, most of the poisoning occurred among unskilled men hired to load airplanes, mix chemicals or to flag the aircraft's path through the field.

Dr. Irma West, for nearly two decades a state occupational health pesticide specialist, explains that "Rapidly advancing technological changes in agriculture left the industry behind in dealing with occupational hazards, particularly with agricultural chemicals. Deaths, and serious illness from acute pesticide poisoning, which occur regularly, are tragic and unnecessary wastes of human life."

The classic case cited by both Dr. West and Dr. Milby, occurred in Stanislaus County during the 1963 peach harvest. Ninety-four pickers suffered clinically identifiable phosphate poisoning, several were hospitalized, one man died. Investigation revealed that from 35

to 85 per cent (depending upon the orchard worked) of each picking crew in the county suffered significant pesticide poisoning, yet no farmer violated any regulation recommendation as to use.

The same thing happened again, four years later, in the same area, where twenty-five workers were poisoned. Parathion was the culprit in both cases. Instead of chemically decomposing rapidly into a harmless residue—as all phosphates are supposed to do—the parathion reduction formed a more deadly poison. Workers, climbing ladders, reaching into the foliage, brushed the residue onto their clothing, absorbed it through their sweaty skin, breathed it into their lungs.

The same kind of accident occurred in Tulare County, in the citrus groves, and state reports show that 275 workers were poisoned in one year. No one I have talked to can explain why the parathion does not act as advertised. And this chemical, made by several companies, is still in wide use because it is highly toxic to all insect pests. In some cases it is the only weapon the citrus grower has against the tree-killing red scale.

Just last month, fourteen Tulare County citrus workers were poisoned by phosphates. The Tulare County health officer and the county agriculture commissioner called state officials in and quietly ordered all the packing house workers to pull their crews out of the fields. No public announcement was made at the time; no attempt was made to warn workers to stay out of the groves. On Monday, June 1, a daylong meeting was held with representatives of the state Department of Agriculture and the state Health Department and Tulare County officials. It was decided that no workers should go into the citrus groves for thirty days after the application of phosphate pesticides.

Four days later the state Public Health Service issued a vague news release announcing the thirty-day waiting period for 2,500 Tulare County citrus workers. Very deep in the release was a reference to the fourteen workers who suffered phosphate poisoning.

What can be done to protect workers? Chavez has decided that this issue is one of the main problems the UFWOC faces. In recently completed contract negotiations with Perelli-Minetti vineyards, of Delano, the UFWOC and the company worked out a model health and safety clause that deals primarily with pesticide protections. A special committee, made up of company and union members, governs the safe use of pesticides in the vineyards.

The California Rural Legal Assistance (CRLA), a federally financed legal-aid organization, is pushing to attain safer pesticide standards by bringing personal-injury suits. Six pesticide-injury suits have been filed in California farm counties, including the case of forty-eight strawberry pickers who were sprayed directly by airplane.

Neither the union contract, nor the CRLA suits give any indication of how pervasive the problem is, but the fifteen state FDA studies may develop such information. If the FDA provides the money for follow-up studies by Dr. Milby, and if Dr. Mizrahi's work establishes "normal" cholinesterase levels for children, much useful information will have been acquired.

There are child-labor laws, pesticide-control laws, regulations and recommendations to make pesticide use safe. On paper, in California at least, these all look effective, and when state officials explain the enforcement procedures, it seems that the system should work.

But it doesn't—at least it doesn't work as well as do safety regulations in other industries. Farm labor occupational disease rates are three times as high as the California industrial average, and pesticide poisoning con-

tributes most heavily to this lopsided statistic. If farm work is three times as dangerous as industrial occupation—from a health standpoint—and if everything possible is now being done, perhaps farm workers should be paid a high-risk premium wage. Instead of getting \$1.65 an hour (about half the industrial average wage), the farm worker should perhaps get \$10 an hour—that would be about 300 per cent above the average and commensurate with the risk involved. □

## PROXIES FOR PEOPLE

# STINGING THE CORPORATIONS

### GENE I. MAEROFF

*Mr. Maeroff is an editorial writer on the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

In his mind's eye Saul Alinsky has a picture of Yankee Stadium, filled with 80,000 screaming people who are waving not pennants but proxies. Down on the mound where Mel Stottlemyre usually toils, the chairman of, say, Standard Oil of New Jersey is standing on a platform. It is the company's annual meeting and he is speaking into a microphone. The 80,000 have just voted "Yes" on a proposal and the chairman is telling them that on behalf of 90 per cent of the shares he is voting "No" and that the 80,000 people have lost. "I'd just love to see that happen. I'd like to see him try to call 80,000 people out of order," says Alinsky.

Of course, nothing resembling that scene is likely to occur soon. But this spring the corporate annual meeting came under assault as never before, and those who have been involved in bulldozing open this new avenue of social protest believe that the big corporations face some changes. "There will be progress," Alinsky insists. "Once the corporations are pushed into the corner on straight power they will do the right things for the wrong reasons. You've got the stockholders on one hand and the rest of the country on the other. If the United States goes down, the big corporations go with it."

It was Alinsky who invented the idea of using the annual meeting as a forum at which to urge big business to become responsive to the issues of the day. He started the practice three years ago in Rochester, N.Y., when he forced Eastman Kodak to improve job opportunities for blacks. This spring young protesters across the nation copied and improvised upon Alinsky's methods. They transformed what had been quiet gatherings of the semi-retired into arenas of raucous discontent. The annual meeting may never be the same.

A partial list of the corporations that have been thus besieged reads like a page from the *Fortune* 500: United Aircraft, American Telephone & Telegraph, Commonwealth Edison of Chicago, General Electric, Honeywell, Boeing, Gulf Oil and, most recently, General Motors. There has been little coordination, however; for the

most part dissidents in each city planned and acted independently.

Chances are that next year there will be more central planning. Alinsky himself will create a focal point for anti-corporate activities when he takes a leave of absence in the fall from the Industrial Areas Foundation and his other responsibilities in Chicago. He will concentrate on fitting together the machinery for an organization to be known as Proxies for People. The group will solicit proxies from anyone, anywhere, for any corporation. "We will put together a radical, diversified portfolio," he says, laughing. Since announcing Proxies for People, Alinsky has been besieged by letters from share owners who wish to give him their proxies and become involved in the movement. He tells each of them to hold off until the fall.

Thus far, the dissidents appearing at annual meetings have had little specific effect on the corporations. However, it is entirely realistic to measure their gains in attitudinal terms. Corporate directors have been forced to think about matters that until now they could ignore. Share owners are awakening to their potential strength. The public is beginning to take notice.

"This movement is never going to be successful in a 51 per cent manner," explains Ralph Nader, who concedes that the corporations retain the raw voting power. "The success should be measured in other ways. Until now corporate power in this country has been successfully used without challenge. A challenge such as Campaign GM forced a corporation such as General Motors to look out at its support structure—the banks, colleges and others who hold large blocks of its stock—for the first time. It required General Motors to surface and use its power."

The more the corporations are criticized for abusing their power and the longer they refuse to help solve the great social problems, the more likely they are to alienate the masses, i.e., the consumers. Intransigence, in other words, could affect profits. Nader considers what has happened until now a first stage in educating public and institutional share owners. When it is completed there will, he thinks, be a tremendous upsurge of awareness. He says people will realize that "no street

in any American city is safe from General Motors." The second stage will then involve the development of a different public concept of the role of the corporations in American life.

"Things will change," says Nader. "The role of the individual share owner questioning the corporation in terms of social responsibility will increase. The corporations will bend a little. General Motors was very concerned about Campaign GM. It hit them to the core. GM has been able to be so powerful because it never had to use its power.

"An institutional share owner not voting its stock in behalf of GM represents a loss of confidence. This weakens the silent legitimacy. If GM turns out to be totally inflexible it will make militants of those who are not militants. GM knows this, but they don't know enough to head it off. The whole thing is a building process and it will continue well beyond the annual meeting."

One way that it will be sustained beyond the annual meeting is through the continued existence of Campaign GM and other such organizations. In a sense, they will themselves become corporate consciences. This already has happened in Minneapolis. The Honeywell Project was founded there in November 1968, and devoted its first four months to researching the corporation. It has now been through two annual meetings. Honeywell's management has even extended grudging recognition, meeting three times for discussions with the group's leaders. The Honeywell Project served as one of the models for the Gulf Action Project and the Anti-Aircraft Conspiracy founded to challenge Gulf Oil and United Aircraft at their annual meetings this year.

Heading the Honeywell Project is Marvin Davidov, a 38-year-old veteran of many major New Left skirmishes, who has been in nine prisons since his entry into the movement in 1961 as a Mississippi freedom rider. He views with satisfaction the successes of his organization, and thinks that within a year or two, fifty to 100 such organizations will be aimed at specific corporations. "We're trying to develop a power base from which to launch our demands. We want immediate cessation of Honeywell's weapons production. [The company, a major producer of anti-personnel bombs, is the leading defense contractor in Minnesota and ranks eighteenth nationally.] We want the company to develop serious reconversion plans, so that none of the 20,000 workers in weapons production loses his job. We want control of the corporate power to pass from the board to the employees and the representatives of the community. The major achievement of our demonstration at the annual meeting was to show that there is not really a share owner democracy. There is no such thing as people's capitalism. It is socialism for the rich."

It may be that the anti-corporate movement will have its most immediate effect on the composition of boards of directors, but not because the dissidents will marshal enough votes to compel the corporations to accept their nominees. Rather, the corporations will hope, by adding token directors who meet with the approval of the protesters, to ease the pressure. The best publicized instance of a dissident group trying to elect directors was the bid

made by Campaign GM. The Security and Exchange Commission required General Motors to include on its printed proxy ballot Campaign GM's proposal that three directors be added to the twenty-four-member board. It also required the management to list Campaign GM's proposal that the company create a "committee of corporate responsibility." Backers of Campaign GM wanted the three new board positions to be filled by Dr. Rene J. Dubos, an environmental scientist; Betty Furness, consumer adviser under President Johnson, and Rev. Channing E. Phillips, a black minister in Washington.

Less widely publicized was the attempt made in Cleveland to replace three AT&T directors. Nominated from the floor were U.S. Sen. Stephen M. Young (D., Ohio), a leading Congressional dove; Dr. Sidney M. Peck, a professor of sociology prominent in the national anti-war movement, and George Maranuk, a student activist at John Carroll University in Cleveland. AT&T Chairman H.I. Romnes became so flustered that he forgot to invite a motion to close nominations, and a company spokesman had to bring the oversight to his attention. Senator Young led the dissident nominees with 9,398 votes. The management slate had 370,600,000.

But a month after the annual meeting it was apparent that the gnat had stung the elephant. Bell Laboratories, a satellite of AT&T, let it be known that it was getting out of the missile business. Various reasons were given, but the 3,000 protesters who assembled outside the annual meeting that sunny April day in Cleveland must have figured in the decision, even though Romnes denied the connection. No AT&T official will soon forget the Oberlin College student-share owner who, after being recognized by the chair, shouted into a microphone: "You shouldn't need cops on horses outside this building to suppress legal demonstrations. If that's the kind of company this is then screw it."

That is not the sort of language share owners are accustomed to hearing at annual meetings. Nor are they used to the rigid security measures to which they were subjected this year at most of the meetings. The prospect that someone might explode a bomb had corporate officials in a dither. Corporate secretaries compared notes on security provisions and read anxiously of demonstrations at one another's meetings. Marv Davidov thinks it possible that the annual meeting as presently constituted may be coming to an end.

Corporate officials dislike having police barricades erected outside their meetings and hordes of Pinkertons patrolling inside. They find tight security necessary, but nevertheless offensive. Share owners at the United Aircraft meeting had to pass three checkpoints. At the AT&T meeting all boxes and packages were to be checked at the door. Evelyn Y. Davis, the perennial gadfly of annual meetings, insisted on carrying a valise into the meeting hall, but had to let it be searched. Once inside, she made it clear that her sympathies were not with the new breed of gadflies, whom she denounced as Communists and radicals.

Most corporate officials have been more circumspect. They have avoided name-calling, have ignored obscenities, and in many cases have tried to make it appear that the protesters were being given a fair hearing. "Let's not scoff

at them," Louis B. Lundborg, BankAmerica Corp. chairman, told his share owners at the annual meeting in San Francisco. He went on to answer questions asked of him by members of the peace movement who objected to the bank's operations in Vietnam.

In Chicago, Commonwealth Edison officials soliloquized on how the company has spent \$53 million to fight air pollution. Their explanations were unsatisfactory to the delegation of proxy holders representing the Campaign Against Pollution. AT&T in Cleveland let its annual meeting run five hours and seven minutes as Chairman Romnes accepted a wide array of questions on the war and social issues. E. D. Brockett, Gulf Oil chairman, devoted most of his annual report in Pittsburgh to rebutting criticisms. Gulf's president, B. R. Dorsey, gave almost his entire speech to the firm's efforts in the field of ecology.

Attention, though, does not assure results and some officials are even unwilling to give that. W.W. Keeler, Phillips Petroleum president, says: "Protest of that type

hasn't any place at an annual meeting. I don't know of any operation we have that such protest would have relevancy for and, in my capacity, I wouldn't recognize such protesters even if they were bona fide share owners." There's the problem; the corporation sets the ground rules. Before its annual meeting, Honeywell said: "We are very much aware that there are people who will be at the meeting who disagree with the company's policies. They have the right to attend the meeting and express their opinions and we will respect that right." But as soon as things began getting out of his control, Chairman James H. Binger proclaimed to dissidents: "You've forfeited your right to speak." He adjourned the meeting sixteen minutes after it had begun.

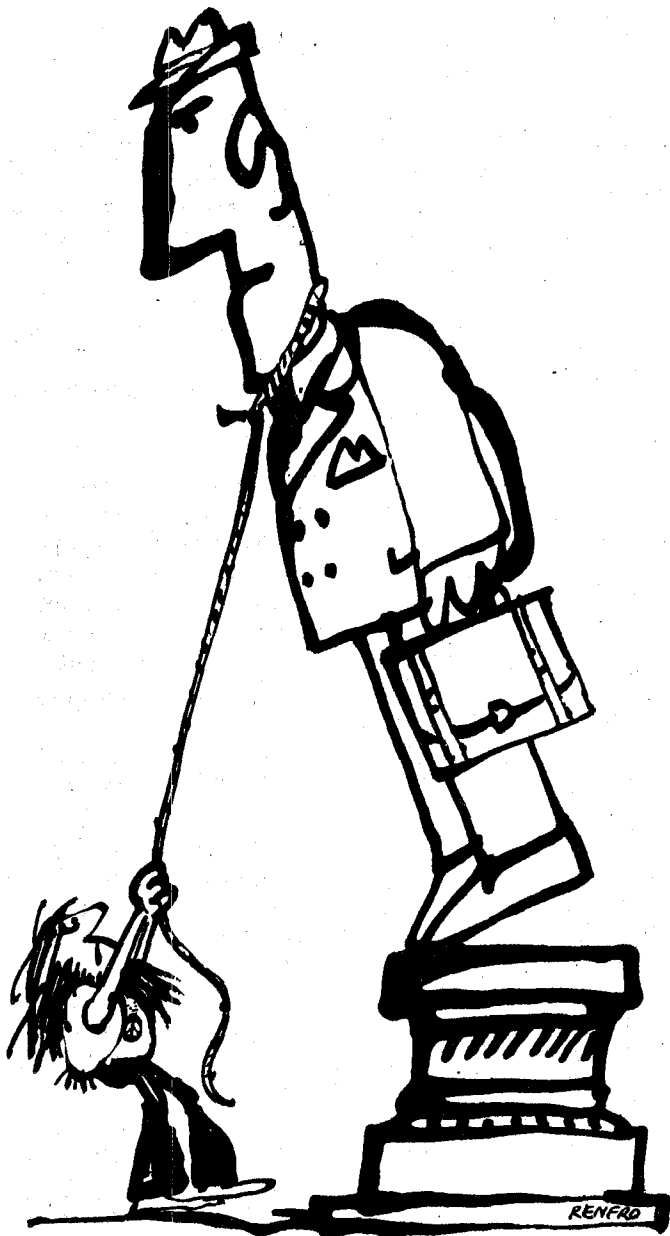
Corporations have many other ways to quash protesters. Republic Steel, for instance, chooses to meet in such an out-of-the-way place as Flemington, N.J. Some companies use small meeting rooms, thereby limiting the audience. Also, corporate officials at the door determine how many persons may be admitted on a single proxy. Finally, the chairman or presiding officer decides whom to recognize and when to entertain a motion for adjournment. Certain legal questions are raised by these management tactics.

Some of the corporation weapons are more subtle. Nader complains that General Motors lobbied among its institutional share owners against the Campaign GM proposals. Universities that could reasonably have been expected to be sympathetic refused to support the Nader group. The Rockefeller Foundation—owner of 195,000 shares of GM—issued a statement praising Campaign GM, but ended the statement by explaining that it would not support the two proposals because it had a responsibility to consider management's position. "A hell of a lot of debate was going on in these institutions," says Nader. J. George Harrar, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, admitted: "I have not seen anything like this before. Like other stockholders, we do have to think about this. We just can't dismiss it and pretend it didn't happen."

One of the first schools to support Campaign GM was Antioch College, which several years ago adopted a progressive policy that its investment decisions should reflect social concerns. As an offshoot of the movement, students around the country have begun pressuring trustees to divest school endowment portfolios of stock in companies that they consider to be war-oriented. In Cleveland, Case Western Reserve students picketed at the prestigious Union Club to which some trustees belong. They also went to the homes and churches of trustees.

But no one dreams that the corporations will become good citizens by the time next year's annual meetings roll around. Progress will be slow and protesters without high frustration thresholds will grow impatient—and perhaps violent. The corporations are bracing themselves. Staughton Lynd says the corporations are "our inevitable enemy in the coming years." Already various anti-corporate groups have scheduled summer strategy sessions.

In some respects public awareness has already passed beyond the initial stage. Stewart Mott has criticized General Motors and identified himself with Campaign GM, and Stewart Mott is the beneficiary of trust funds hold-



ing a reported 700,000 shares of General Motors stock. Similarly, sixteen Congressmen have issued a statement hailing Campaign GM and calling it "enormously successful, regardless of the outcome." It is also noteworthy that the president of the Detroit police officers' association has asked that the 29,000 shares of GM

stock in the city's pension fund be voted in support of Campaign GM. Corporate officials show their awareness of public opinion when the president of Dow Chemical spends one minute reporting on sales and earnings and an hour telling what Dow is doing to keep from being a polluter and to develop anti-pollution products. □

## PUBLIC EMPLOYEES

# RIGHT TO STRIKE IN HAWAII

### **WILLIAM L. ABBOTT**

*Mr. Abbott is Executive Secretary-Treasurer of the AFL-CIO in Hawaii.*

#### *Honolulu*

In a wild and woolly finale, Hawaii's legislature has just passed the most progressive law affecting government workers in the nation's history. It is the first law that treats a public worker as a first-class citizen. Everybody, police and fire fighters included, have the right to strike. Equal pay for equal work is state policy, built into the law. The law provides for the agency shop (wherein dues must be paid by all workers, but membership is optional) and for exclusive bargaining rights. Thirteen bargaining units have been set up, including one for supervisors and another for college professors. A five-member board administers the act—two are from labor, two are from management, and there is an impartial chairman. There is only one restriction on the right to strike. If public health and safety are endangered, the new Hawaii Public Employment Relations Board makes recommendations which must be complied with by the striking union.

What makes this law so important is that in most states and in the federal government, government workers are denied the right to strike. Such employees throughout the nation are also victims of state and federal right-to-work laws.

The prognosticators gave the bill no chance at all, because Hawaii has a history of bitter differences among the labor unions. The two largest public employees' unions—the 8,000-member United Public Workers and the 16,000-member Hawaiian Government Employees Association—are constantly at each other's throats and there has not been a conspicuous show of affection between Harry Bridges' 24,000-member International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union and the AFL-CIO.

An advisory committee to the Speaker of the House drew up an earlier bill which so incensed the delegate from the Teachers' union that he walked out. It left wages out of bargaining and generally looked as though the bosses had written it. Even so, the ILWU and HGEA had some nice things to say about the plan. But state AFL-CIO president Walter Kupau called a meeting of the feuding unions and laid it on the line: Unless labor

works together, unions would get nothing . . . or worse! There were several stormy meetings and after that some backsliding by several of the labor organizations. But in the end, they all united on a bill introduced by Democratic state Sen. Sakae Takahashi, a banker with a fondness for social justice for the workingman, who was chairman of the Public Employment Committee. The AFL-CIO had asked that it be introduced, but Takahashi and his committee reshuffled its cards in an attempt to please everyone.

The tension was temporarily broken when Honolulu's Director of Civil Service and business agent of the Brewery Workers, Harry Boranian, testified in opposition to the bill. He told a House committee how he had worked his way up to leadman and then the company offered him a job as foreman. He said he had faced a dilemma—should he stay with the union or take the extra cash? "I chose more pay," he said. At that moment, the hearing room plunged into pitch blackness, as every light in the capitol went out. From the darkness, Kupau cried out: "See, Harry, when you sell out to the bosses, even the Almighty objects."

The workers became so enthusiastic about their newfound solidarity that when one of the public employees unions pulled a walkout to revive a moribund blue-collar pay raise bill, the others joined it a day later. This was the first state-wide shutdown in American history, as city, county and state workers on all the islands walked off the job in protest over the legislature's failure to give them a raise. Other unions joined in sympathy. More than 2,000 demonstrators flooded the capitol to cheer speakers and be served hot plates of Hawaiian food. High-keyed singers in flowered muumuus wiggled and at times waddled to hula tunes played by striking combos.

Hospitals accepted only emergency cases, golf course personnel let the players shift for themselves, zoo keepers fed the animals and then took a walk, all schools and libraries closed down, courtroom trials were conducted without benefit of stenographers, and the garbage piled up. Nobody but the fuming Hawaii Employers Council seemed to have lost his cool. Both Democratic and Republican officeholders kept calm at least in public; and at the end of three days, the legislature agreed to the pay hike. After all, because of reapportionment, every legislative seat is up for grabs this year. □

# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## 'I Read the Movie'

### DONALD RICHIE

Mr. Richie is the author of many books on the Japanese film, including *The Films of Akira Kurosawa*. He is at present the visiting curator of film at The Museum of Modern Art in New York.

John Osborne indicated the difficulties of publishing film scripts in a letter giving Grove Press permission to publish his script for Tony Richardson's *Tom Jones*. "It depends upon what you want," he wrote, "what I wrote to go in on the floor or what came out as the completed film." This is the problem: to publish the script, to publish a transcription of the film itself, or to combine both.

None of the solutions is ideal because something is always missing. The script is to the film as the blueprint is to the building. Once the edifice is completed, the plans retain, at best, an academic interest. To publish and make widely available a script works against the idea of cinema, the entire point of which is to turn the idea—written down or not—into the moving image. The director started with words and made them flesh. The film-script editor must turn flesh back into words and yet, if possible, retain something of the living film. It is an impossible task, yet some of the results are interesting.

There are, as indicated, three ways of publishing scripts. If the finished scenario exists, one may simply print it, as was done in that early John Gassner collection of *Twenty Best Film Plays*, an exact title in that the scripts read as plays, not as films. The published scripts of Robbe-Grillet and Duras are, then, literature, not cinema. The other way is to transcribe the film itself, working at a moviola and describing each scene. An alternate is to attempt both. If the film is different from the script, and most are, then one indicates all of these differences, as in the fine editions of *Children of Paradise* and *L'Avventura*.

The reader's experience helps. He has often already seen the film and retains a memory of it which the printed page will, to an extent, bring to life again. If he has not, however, he is not in a position to help much. I wonder if anyone who has not seen the picture could read—despite all the thought and care I put into it—my edition of *Rashomon*. Read it, that is, with anywhere near the attention and compre-

hension of one who had already had the actual experience of this particular Kurosawa picture.

One might think that the editor ought best include everything (description of shot, its angle, its length, its movement) and let the reader shift for himself—that, somehow, out of this information, the imagination will conjure up the living experience. Several published scripts do this: The Museum of Modern Art's text of *Intolerance* in Theodore Huff's scholarly edition, the meticulous editions of the Biblioteca Cinematografica series, particularly that for Dreyer's *Vampyr*. The problem is, of course, that such are no easier to read than blueprints are and demand a skill which, though not all that abstruse, still must be acquired, just as one acquires the ability to hear the music when following the printed score. And, in any case, no matter the ability, the resulting experience is pallid.

It might be argued that serious film students are not concerned with recreating the film experience. Rather, they are interested in structure, in the problems of tempo and pace and how they are solved. If this is the case, then such editions serve a function. Nonetheless, no one has ever learned more from comparing shot lengths in *Intolerance* than he had already learned from a direct viewing of that film. The language of cinema is a language of the emotions. This essence is no more contained in the script than music as heard is contained in the printed score.

Several of the Grove Press scripts—those for *L'Avventura*, *The 400 Blows*, *Rashomon*—attempt a compromise. Shot lengths and camera position and movement are indicated but there are also descriptions of the scenes and indications of the presumed feelings of the characters. If these are done in a manner sufficiently accurate and sympathetic, they make the script reasonably movie-like and yet, at the same time, readable. The problem is how far one may go. In preparing the script for *Ikiru* I found that words I would choose to describe a scene carried personal interpretation which had nothing to do with Kurosawa's film. Metaphors, similes, are, of course, not allowable, but I discovered myself using words such as "obviously" and "apparently" in my

attempts to put down on paper things that I knew about actions in the film. Trying to keep my language simple ("He is angry"), I discovered that it had become simplistic because the man was more than merely angry. Yet attempts to render what this *more* was resulted in personal contributions in a work where they could play no part. I became increasingly disturbed about language in particular and written language in general. Film is what it is because it is a visual language so much more precise, so much richer than the excluding and impoverished language we are forced to write. The result—the published script of *Ikiru*—is a fleshless skeleton. It is fit for those anatomy classes which are courses on the film.

The problem being unsolvable, it is understandable that most of the scripts now being published follow a literary model, largely that playlike format originally favored by the L'Avant-Scène-Cinéma series which pioneered the publishing of film scripts and which has so far released more than 100 titles, including *Greed*, *Zéro de conduite*, *Mouchette*, and a number of others not yet available in this country. This format offers readability and the text is often broken into sequences, though not so usually into shots. One reads it easily and puts it down knowing the story though, often enough, little more.

Other ways of augmenting an experience so little resembling that of actually viewing the film include the publishing of an amount of background material and, naturally, a number of stills from the picture itself. Orion, among the first to make scripts available in this country in carefully edited hard-cover editions (the paperback reprints of which are now to be found in the lists of Penguin and Grove) completes its *China Is Near* with transcripts of conversations among Bellocchio and his collaborators and a full introduction by one of his script writers. George Amberg's superb edition of *L'Avventura* includes all the omitted and variant scenes in the film, a number of interviews and a long appendix of criticism. Ballantine's excellent *Satyricon* contains both the original script and those portions which were filmed by Fellini as well as much interesting background material. Simon & Schuster's edition of

*Un chien andalou* contains the Vigo notes, the Dali-Buñuel script and a complete reconstruction of the film itself. Their edition of Godard's *Alphaville* consists of the reconstruction and the original treatment of the film when it was still called *A New Adventure of Lemmy Caution*. (The Simon & Schuster

editions, incidentally, are all edited in London, the work of Lorrimer Press. This results in occasional obscurities in a genre already obscure enough, as in this description of the first scene from *Pierrot le fou*: "Long-shot from the edge of the tennis court. Two girls are knocking-up.") Bantam's forthcoming

edition of *Citizen Kane*, edited by Pauline Kael, will have background essays and many critical notes.

Another way of fleshing out the skeleton is to include as many stills as possible. Even so, very few editions attempt any sustained kind of visual continuity. Usually only a small number of stills is included, though these, as in the Lorrimer series, may be linked with the text itself. Only a few (notably Grove's editions of the above mentioned Antonioni, Truffaut and Kurosawa pictures) give any visual continuity, and even here there are problems. Stills for all scenes of a single film are usually not available (only a dozen stills for *Rashomon* exist) and the alternative (making a still from the film itself, either as projected, or directly on 35-mm. film) results in a serious lack of quality. Even so, published scripts ought to contain as much of the movie itself as possible. A shot-by-shot pictorial analysis of the Odessa steps sequence (several already exist) would have been welcome in the Lorrimer edition of *Potemkin*. The Biblioteca Cinematografica series managed to have a still from each shot through which one could (as in their excellent edition of *Entr'acte*) visually reconstruct the film.

Cost is another reason for the small number of pictures in these new scripts. I remember having to obstinately insist that twice the usual number of stills be included in my new edition of *Seven Samurai*. Cost and the vagaries of publishing also account for the poor quality of some of the published scripts. Original editions are expensive and take too long for a book market which is right now. Consequently, the American printing of an English edition of a translation from the French *L'Avant-Scène* version of, say, the Russian published edition of an original script, is possible and profitable. The publishers have found a lucrative bandwagon: scripts as different as those for *Salesman* and *Coming Apart* are published and presumably selling. The market can bear not only *I Am Curious (Yellow; Blue is forthcoming)* but also a how-I-made-the-film volume from its director.

Which is not to say that carefully edited film scripts of pictures by Buñuel, Renoir, Welles, Antonioni, Fellini, are not welcome. They are. And this is because the films themselves are even more welcome. But how often does one have a chance to see, say, *L'âge d'or*? Until cassettes bring us *Citizen Kane* for just \$3.98 at your neighborhood drugstore, its published script will always be welcome. It does not bring us very close to the film itself but it brings us as close as we can get without it. □

## SELECTED CHECKLIST OF PUBLISHED FILM SCRIPTS

### Simon & Schuster

Luis Buñuel, *L'AGE D'OR* and *UN CHIEN ANDALOU*  
 Jean-Luc Godard, *ALPHAVILLE*  
 Josef von Sternberg, *THE BLUE ANGEL*  
 Marcel Carné, *CHILDREN OF PARADISE*  
 Jean Renoir, *GRAND ILLUSION*  
 Lindsay Anderson, *IF...*  
 Akira Kurosawa, *IKIRU*  
 François Truffaut, *JULES AND JIM*  
 Fritz Lang, *M*  
 Jean-Luc Godard, *PIERROT LE FOU*  
 Sergei Eisenstein, *POTEMKIN*  
 Jean Renoir, *RULES OF THE GAME*  
 Ingmar Bergman, *SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT, THE SEVENTH SEAL, WILD STRAWBERRIES, THE MAGICIAN*  
 Carol Reed, *THE THIRD MAN*  
 Forthcoming titles include: *THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALIGARI; GREED; PANDORA'S BOX; A NOUS LA LIBERTE* and *ENTR'ACTE; SEVEN SAMURAI; LE PETIT SOLDAT; THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL; LE JOUR SE LEVE; THE TRIAL*

### Grove Press

Michelangelo Antonioni, *L'AVVENTURA*  
 Samuel Beckett, *FILM*  
 François Truffaut, *THE 400 BLOWS*  
 Alain Resnais, *LA GUERRE EST FINIE*  
 Alain Resnais, *HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR*  
 Vilgot Sjöman, *I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW)*  
 Alain Resnais, *LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD*  
 Jean-Luc Godard, *MASCULINE FEMININE*  
 Akira Kurosawa, *RASHOMON*  
 Ingmar Bergman, *THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, WINTER LIGHT, THE SILENCE*  
 Tony Richardson, *TOM JONES*

### Orion Press

Michelangelo Antonioni, *LE AMICHE, IL GRIDO, L'AVVENTURA, LA NOTTE, ECLISSE*  
 Jean Cocteau, *THE BLOOD OF A POET* and *THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS*  
 Marco Bellocchio, *CHINA IS NEAR*  
 Federico Fellini, *JULIET OF THE SPIRITS*  
 Vittorio de Sica, *MIRACLE IN MILAN*  
 Ingmar Bergman, *THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, WINTER LIGHT, THE SILENCE*  
 Luis Buñuel, *VIRIDIANA, THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL, SIMON OF THE DESERT*  
 Forthcoming titles include: *SILENCE IS GOLDEN, THE BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT, THE BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL, THE GRAND MANOEUVRES; LA TERRA TREME, SENSO; WHITE NIGHTS, ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS, THE JOB; PERSONA, SHAME; OPEN CITY, PAISAN, GERMANY YEAR ZERO; BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, ORPHEUS, THE ETERNAL RETURN; I VITELLONI, IL BIDONE, THE TEMPTATIONS OF DOCTOR ANTONIO; VARIETY LIGHTS, THE WHITE SHEIK.*

# The Talky American

THE GAME OF NATIONS: The Amorality of Power Politics. By Miles Copeland. Simon & Schuster. 318 pp. \$6.95.

## DESMOND STEWART

Mr. Stewart has spent most of the last twenty years in the successor states of the Ottoman Empire: Egypt, Iraq and Lebanon. He is the author of a trilogy, *The Sequence of Roles*, and has just completed a study of the Near East called *The Temple of Janus*, which Doubleday will publish next year.

Mr. Miles Copeland was for some years the junior member of a CIA team attached to the U.S. Embassy in Cairo. As name-dropper and influence peddler, he steered the resilient bump 'em car through the Middle East. But despite this rich experience, and despite his book's title and subtitle, Copeland's anti-memoirs distill no icy theorem of political strategy to set beside Machiavelli's *The Prince*. Nor do they constitute a factual account of happenings in the Levant. Such key events as the Israeli raid on Gaza in February 1955, which had as its consequences Nasser's involvement with the Soviet Union, receive but sliding mention, while a prestigious dinner party at which the author was present straddles the book, appearing twice with an interval of many pages. Still less are we dealing with "faction," a neologism defined by Copeland as "fact presented in fictional terms," since the names, if not the conversations, are for real.

*The Game of Nations* is an indiscreet and undocumented reminiscence of a man employed in, or around, the CIA. It functions as a torpedo, fueled by love-hate, sent zigzagging against the Egyptian President; accidentally it harms the CIA, making it appear not so much lethal as silly and talkative (any future statesman inclined to unburden himself to one of its agents will weigh his words as if they were the kind of rocks once used for stoning).

Some of Copeland's revelations are so irresponsible as to endear him to liberals. His account of the one successful CIA intervention in the Arab world (the overthrow of Iran's Mossadegh and the restoration of the Shah) is a mixture of knockabout and naïveté. Arguing that in early 1949 "we weren't really Machiavellian and that the current idealism was almost as prominent in our covert activity as it was in our overt," Copeland evokes a CIA group—its one "near-genius intellect" significantly disapproving—looking for an area wherein to plot

an idealistic, not necessarily democratic but pro-American coup. Iraq, a fief of Britain, was rejected, not apparently because it was already the most pro-Western state in the region but because "all programmable evidence showed Nuri Pasha's Government to be virtually coup-proof." The area chosen for experimentation was Syria, then ruled by a wobbly parliamentary system.

In March 1949, Husni Za'im, a notorious Kurdish general, was assisted by these American idealists in launching what proved to be the first of an alphabet of Syrian coups. In power, he was a disappointment. "Za'im had been so 'amenable to suggestion' (as we said in our reports) before the coup that it never occurred to us that things would change afterwards." But change things did. Za'im insisted on Copeland's jumping to his feet when he came into the room; the friendly "tu" must yield to "vous"; so after four and a half months, Za'im went.

Syria was a mere rehearsal for Egypt, to the CIA, as to Napoleon, The Most Important Country. Initially, the CIA had thought to reorganize Egypt through a palace revolution led by Farouk. This marijuana vision wilted in the gray light of Abdin Palace. Instead, Kermit Roosevelt visited Cairo and established contact with the "Free Officers," in existence for many years but gingered by the fiasco of the first Palestine war. In Gamal Abdel Nasser the CIA recognized, Copeland believes, an ambitious and effective leader who would first establish a power base, the army, loyal to himself, since he would share the fruits of power with it, and then cooperate with such U.S. aims as the settlement of the conflict with Israel. In return for such accommodation, this archetypal leader, unfettered by democratic controls, would be given U.S. support to become a more powerful Arab leader than any in the past.

Copeland assures us—and the assurance must have shored his reputation in Washington as much as familiarity with "Walt" and "Dick" shored it in Cairo—that

Over the years I have probably seen more of Nasser than any other Westerner. Even now, although it is no longer possible to drop in on him informally and stay for lunch, I manage a long talk with him every month or two, and under relaxed circumstances in which he is most likely to be himself. I have gone into these talks sometimes with no other purpose than a friendly social visit, sometimes with

Camp Pendleton...  
The Presidio...  
Captain Levy...

## Military Justice is to Justice as Military Music is to Music

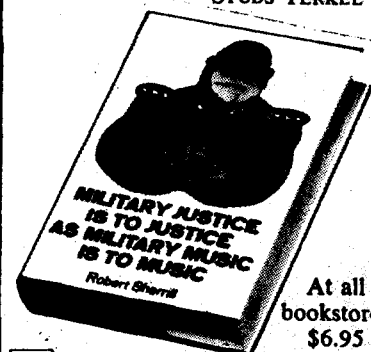
by ROBERT SHERRILL

"Robert Sherrill's account of the sham of courts-martial and of the harsh, dehumanizing treatment afforded military prisoners should inspire national outrage." — SENATOR GEORGE A. MCGOVERN

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"A remarkable book. In citing chapter and verse of military stupidity, venality and brutishness, Sherrill really goes beyond the stockade: he's telling us about the street." — STUDS TERKEL



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a mission to accomplish for one or another of my companies, sometimes briefed to the teeth by a CIA doctor, psychiatrist or ordinary intelligence officer to enable me to detect any signs of failing health or powers.

Such claims—important though they are for Copeland's book—are as slippery as eels. On the basis of his own knowledge, this reviewer would suggest that a variety of respectable Westerners know Nasser a good deal better than Copeland. Eugene Black, for instance, former president of the World Bank; or Sir Harold Beeley, former British Ambassador to Cairo; Tom Little, of Reuters; Eric Rouleau, born in Cairo of Jewish parents, and a frequent visitor to Egypt after his emigration to Paris and *Le Monde*.

Even so, the early Nasser had good reasons for cultivating the CIA. Every 20th-century Egyptian interested in politics is seared with the memory of 1882, the year when Orabi Pasha, leader of a nationalist, and by intention democratic, revolution, was defeated by the intervention of a British army on behalf of Khedive Towfik, Farouk's uncle. Seventy years later, in 1952, the British still occupied the Suez Canal Zone. Though they had little admiration for the debauched King, it was theoretically possible, as Farouk knew, for him to call on their assistance against an army *coup d'état*. The condition for U.S. support against the British intervention—the sparing of Farouk's life—entirely fitted with Nasser's temperament.

A useful place at which to board this book is its subtitle: "The Amoralities of Power Politics." No serious student of human affairs has ever argued that collective groups often behave altruistically. But this does not mean that *The Prince* (or modern derivatives) presents an unchallenged theorem. Another, and surely more important theorem, derives from the Butlerian tradition that what is in one's own true interests may be in the interests of others also (the emphasis being on *true*). And since Copeland concerns himself with the Arab world, it is legitimate at this point to throw in a saying of the Prophet: "Hunger is blasphemy."

To a Southern gentleman, with several companies and a suite reserved at the Cairo Hilton, it is possible to talk of politics in terms of baseball; to the hungry, and their representatives, it is not. What is involved for them is often one national asset—oil in the Middle East; fruit in Guatemala, tungsten somewhere else—and their attempt to benefit from it, perhaps to control it, as a basis for recovery. In the case of Egypt,

Nasser wished to use strategic position as well as natural assets as a lever which means, in fact, being prosperous enough to stand up to bribes.

Against a background of maximum indecency, of a millennial struggle for self-rule, intellectual efforts to "program" a desirable leader with an oligarchic power base and effective "golden lies" (to quote Plato, not Copeland), are smashed by fundamental eruptions from below. Of course, there are Egyptians who would sell their country for a drip-dry suit. ("I once gave Nasser an American-tailored drip-dry suit," Copeland tells us; "he thought it was the most ridiculous-looking garment he had ever seen. 'What kind of tailoring do you like?' I asked. 'British, of course,' he replied.")

Of course, the unpudding minds of Arab intellectuals enjoy the game of amoral talk, as new to them as frontal nudity in films. Of course, Nasser's confidant, the editor of *Al-Ahram*, may have sweetened Nasser's messages to the CIA, and vice versa; private tact is as much an Arab disease as public exaggeration. But no leader could survive in modern Egypt, as Nasser has survived, who was not deeply sensitive and responsible to what his people required. Copeland's intimate knowledge of Nasser seems to have left two discernible and warring attitudes: admiration for his pertinacity and ability to hold on to power; pique at his refusal to be corralled. What he seems to have entirely missed is the plus factor of popular support, which also means popular control.

Nasser may have seemed to his American friends of 1952 as no more than a younger, more puritan and more intelligent Husni Za'im. Indeed, until he nationalized the canal he seemed hardly more to most Arabs and to many Egyptians. But in major developments since 1956 he has shown an extraordinary ability to recover from his mistakes and at the same time to interpret those basic popular yearnings which Copeland, as an outsider, has regarded as factors rather than overwhelming forces. Arab unity, Arab socialism are phrases that can lead to so much debate that the notions behind them seem to disappear. But only *seem*; both correspond to overwhelming collective urges—for unity in resistance to a West that has constantly tried to dominate it; for progress toward the removal of gross inequalities in social status, as well as in clothing and food. No amount of programming could have arranged, or even predicted, the re-election of Nasser by popular stampede after the worst defeat of his career in June 1967.

For, however subject to despots, the Arabs have put "consensus" on a level with the Koran and the Prophet's sayings. Thus no amount of electoral gerrymandering, thought-tank theorizing or assassinations by bullet or pen can halt Middle East insistence on resistance and social change. The lesson of Copeland's book is simple. The United States would be a stronger influence today if the men playing the Game of Nations at Copeland's Games Center ("working hours 5.30 P.M. to midnight") had been pensioned off in some Californian Shangri-La, and the problems of American interests in the Middle East left to the ordinary U.S. diplomats, who, *pace* Copeland, have often been intelligent and usually honest servants of their country. They would not have sponsored the short reign of Husni Za'im; they might have avoided graver errors; above all, they would have left the American image as dexterous if innocent, not simultaneously sinister and ineffective. □

## Cold Frame

THE COLONEL'S PHOTOGRAPH AND OTHER STORIES. By *Eugène Ionesco*. Translated by *Jean Stewart and John Russell*. Grove Press. 177 pp. \$4.95. Paper \$1.95.

CHILDREN ARE CIVILIANS TOO. By *Heinrich Böll*. Translated by *Leila Vennewitz*. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 190 pp. \$5.95.

### RICHARD HOWARD

Mr. Howard's most recent books are *Alone with America: Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950* and his third volume of poems for which he won this year's Pulitzer Prize, *Untitled Subjects* (both Atheneum).

There is less than meets the eye in these stories from the fifties by Ionesco, stories from the forties by Böll. However divergent the methods of the German Catholic novelist and the French Romanian playwright, however discrepant these celebrated and prolific Europeans in their characteristic productions, they converge and coincide with a telling significance in these leavings, these *fonds de tiroir*. These stories have been used, or used up, for some other purpose—they are not here for themselves, or for us. We are offered a cluster of minor texts, after the fact, as clean-up time.

Neither Böll nor Ionesco is concerned

here with the art of the story, with short fiction as a thing in itself, an actuality. Their pieces are only . . . pieces, drafts, germs intended to sprout in some more favorable medium, some encouraging culture. And so they do not come to much. Whenever literature acknowledges itself *ulterior* in its form, whenever genre turns out to be polyvalent, not prime, then the energy of its cause leaks away, and we are left with the disparity between what we are told we are getting and what we get—we are left with leftovers.

The contents of these two gatherings are not short stories by a novelist, short stories by a playwright; they are the grains of sand, the irritants thrust under the oyster's mantle in order to become—and indeed a number of them have become, elsewhere—pearls. The inference to be made, I suppose, is that the short story, in the hands of these international practitioners of other arts of literature, has lost its autonomy, its specific gravity. It has been demoted, with varying degrees of dignity, to the status of a cold frame, a dry dock, a launching pad.

The best plays by Ionesco—and they are among the best plays by anybody—are *The Chairs*, *The Lesson*, *The Bald Soprano*, *Jacques*, *The New Tenant* and *Exit the King*. None of these started life as anything but plays—they are articulations of a dramatic impulse conceived entirely in terms of the stage, the products of a theatrical imagination paralleled in our time only, if at all, by Beckett and Genêt. Unfortunately Ionesco has worked over, has overworked, the first five stories published here—"Oriflamme," "The Colonel's Photograph," "The Stroller in the Air," "A Victim of Duty" and "Rhinoceros"—into plays, four of them "full-length" plays at that. Already a danger sign, for Ionesco's strength is not in extension, in narrative reach, but in the dramatic image, or rather in the thrust of one dramatic image against the unexpected next one. With the exception of the lovely somatic fantasia, *Exit the King*, Ionesco has never written a good long play.

Now these five works are not good stories; they are not stories at all, they are *ideas* for plays, notes toward a possibility of theatricals. Nor is it surprising that they did not become good plays. Of course a talent for writing plays and a talent for writing stories are anything but incompatible: Chekhov, Pirandello and Beckett himself forbid the generalization; but there is no instance among these three writers of that exploitation of genre which Ionesco so delights in here. The weakness of plays

confected from notions is the revenge of what seems to be a sanctity of realization in the high arts, a retribution of the inviolability, let us call it, of the veritable form upon the profiteer.

Essays by Susan Sontag and Nigel Dennis have adequately demolished, even detonated, the intellectual fraudulence of so much in Ionesco's pronouncements and in his later plays—precisely the ones worked up from these limp or limping sketches. It remains merely to praise one piece here, a beautiful and touching diary in search of lost time, "Spring 1939," which is an achievement utterly and inevitably "unexploited" in the playwright's output. And to deplore another, a longish text called "The Slough," a plagiarism of Beckett's "The End" of ten years before. "The Slough," as the publisher says on the jacket, is "not yet a play." *En attendant Eugène*.

Far less suspect is the publication of Heinrich Böll's twenty-six early stories, all written between the end of the war and 1950, except for one even earlier exercise in debility, "Between Trains in X," dated 1940 (when Böll was 22). These too are sketches, trial balloons—but they are sketches for completed work in the genre, they are the sinopias for the large-scale frescoes Böll has so

intelligently executed in the last twenty years. "The Man with the Knives" is a kind of concentrated pellet which the novelist has allowed to simmer in his sensibility for fifteen years until it became his fine, funny novel, *The Clown*.

The themes, then, are all announced here—whispered rather, for no poses are struck, no voices are raised in these paralyzed studies. For students of this distinguished novelist, it is valuable, it is even indispensable, to have before them this apprentice work which first brought Böll to the attention of a German public.

The pieces are translated, like the novels, by Böll's faithful Leila Vennewitz, who manages to saturate his unemphatic prose with just the exhausted phrasing the speakers require. These weirdly will-less monologues testify to the power of abjection, the coercion of the withdrawn consciousness, the confiscation of identity. But though they have a testifying strength of their own, they lack the impact the novelist has learned to give us by the complexity of viewpoint, the antiphony of voices which his larger works enforce. *The Train Was on Time* and *Billiards at Half-Past Nine* undertake precisely that interlocking of self with surrounding, of character with abstract power, which these little recitals

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—for all their pathos, their simplicity of accent—cannot afford. *Eighteen Stories*, a much later volume of tales, suggests Böll's narrative strength—these painful arias conceal it.

Seeds, husks; in either case we are not getting, in these two books, more than matter for the record. It is not a good reason to read books, even by Ionesco, even by Böll. □

## An Interview with Julius Lester

### PHYLLIS MERAS

*Miss Méras, the recipient of a Pulitzer fellowship in critical writing, is preparing a book of interviews with American writers. She is on the staff of The Vineyard Gazette.*

Julius Lester is a young black writer who has been called the literary spokesman for the black revolution. He is slight and bespectacled, with a Vandyke beard. His manner is casual and off-hand. Once a folk singer and guitar teacher, he has retained his interest in music. The radio was playing while we talked recently at his home at Gay Head, Mass., and his two small children ambled in from time to time to listen. His wife, who is white, and an outspoken feminist, listened to our conversation now and then, but more often was immersed in the autobiography of Claude McKay, a leader of the Negro renaissance of the 1920s.

For the last year, weary of New York, "where you can't live properly any more with rats and that whole scene," the Lesters have made their home on Martha's Vineyard, and Julius Lester has commuted two days a week to New York for his radio program, "The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution" on WBAI. He also teaches a course in black history at the New School for Social Research.

Julius Lester was born in St. Louis in 1939, grew up in Nashville, and is a graduate of Fisk University. He moved north in 1961, taking a variety of jobs in New York City—with the Welfare Department, in bookstores and camps. His first editorial job was with *Sing Out!* magazine. Then he joined SNCC as its photographer when Stokely Carmichael became its chairman. He stayed with SNCC until 1968.

Mr. Lester is an indefatigable writer. In addition to a vast number of magazine articles his books include *Look Out, Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama*, *To Be a Slave*, *Search for the New Land* and *Revolutionary Notes*. He has just completed *The Seventh Son: The Life and Writings of W. E. B. Du Bois*, which will be published by Random House in the fall. Now he is busy with a book of short stories.

When I arrived, he was absorbed

(radio music notwithstanding) in the *I Ching*. But it was laid aside as he talked of black writers and writing.

*What has been the most popular form that black writing has taken in the last ten years?*

Poetry. The 1960s saw a virtual explosion in black poetry. It's mostly a highly political poetry, and dealing without exception with blackness. It's very close to the oral tradition. It's meant to be listened to in a communal situation where you can just get up in front of an audience in a coffeehouse or a bookstore and read a poem. It communicates in the sense the songs of soul singers like James Brown and Aretha Franklin do. The models aren't Keats or Shelley or Yeats. Poetry, you see, is more accessible than prose. To read most fiction of the Western world today, you have to have training. There's a special art to reading people like Vonnegut, for example. To understand Nabokov, you have to be literate in five languages. But poetry is something different. It doesn't call for all that.

*Who are the leading black poets today?*

LeRoi Jones is the central figure, of course. Don L. Lee is probably the next most popular. And there's Nikki Giovanni and Carolyn Rodgers and Mari Evans and Conrad Kent Rivers—he was 36 when he died about two years ago. And there's Mae Jackson and Jayne Cortez.

*Where are these poets being published?*

That's probably one of the most important things about what they're doing. None of them has published with a white publishing house. The Broadside Press out of Detroit is the most significant press publishing black poetry, I expect, and I've just started a poetry series, too, with my publisher—the Richard A. Baron Publishing Company of New York. June Jordan, Larry Neal and Stanley Crouch are three of those whose books have been planned. The first of the books in the series—June Jordan's *Some Changes*—is due out very soon.

*Do you expect an upsurge in black writing in the seventies?*

I certainly do. Quite frankly, I think we're entering into the decade of the

black writer. We've got John A. Williams whose *The Man Who Cried I Am* is the most important black fictional work of the last ten years, I think. And then there's Ernest J. Gaines, who wrote *Bloodline* and is one of the best fiction writers around. He's a Southern black writer in that fine old tradition of Southern writers—Carson McCullers, Faulkner, Shirley Ann Grau. You name the good American writers today. They all come from the South. Gaines writes about his local Louisiana, but he's been unfairly treated because he isn't overtly political. He isn't exciting enough for publishers.

*Is it difficult, if you are a black writer, to find a publisher?*

Well, nine out of ten editors won't understand what you're doing or who you're writing for and will try to get you to make changes that you shouldn't make. The problems that most black writers are dealing with are race problems, and they're problems they know all about from their own black experience. But I'll give you an example—I had one editor who wanted me to delete the word "nigger" every time that I'd used it. I knew why I was using it, and it belonged. You see, what there is is a kind of unconscious racism among white publishers.

*Does this "racism" affect a publisher's choice of manuscripts?*

In a way. At the present time, a black man's value on the literary market place is quite often gauged by his militancy—how loudly he screams and yells. A lyrical writer like Gaines who's concerned with character the way Chekhov was isn't popular the way someone is who says, "Kill the white people!" That's the kind of thing that's selling on campuses now.

*What about black nonfiction? Do you expect to see more of that in the seventies, too?*

Autobiography, I think, is going to be extremely important. Already, you have Maya Angelou's *I Know Why the Caged Birds Sing*. *Negro*, by Lesley Lacey is coming out soon, and that, by the way, is going to be a dynamite of a book. Lacey? He teaches African history at Harvard and spent three years in Ghana while Nkrumah was there. This is his first book. As far as black history is concerned, the surface has barely been scratched. There's so much that needs to be written. In the past twenty or thirty years, there has been no history of black literature. There's been no adequate history of the blacks in the new world. Oh, there've been histories all right, but not adequate ones. There's John Hope Franklin's

From *Slavery to Freedom*, for example, but his point of view tends to be that of the typical black historian—uninvolved. He's not only uninvolved but he bends over backward in the face of injustice. In this world, there are very clear rights and wrongs and you can't write neutrally. Did you ever stop to realize that you have almost no blacks in history books? Did you ever know that Florida was a sanctuary for slaves from Georgia and Alabama? Incidentally, there's a fantastic source of stories about blacks that's never been tapped. In 1903, the U.S. Printing Office published a series of volumes composed of every reference to blacks ever made in the *Congressional Record*! One of my personal problems is suppressing all the ideas I have for books.

*Do you read much black writing from other nations?*

I'm probably most familiar with African poetry. I like Senghor's work particularly. Then there's Césaire from Martinique and Nicolas Guillen, a black Cuban. Among the African poets, I like the French-speaking ones better than the English—I guess because the French are the ones involved in the concept of negritude; and the whole black consciousness thing in this country is nothing but negritude. The French-speaking African's experience under colonialism is closer to American experience, too, than the English-speaking African's is. The English tend not to be so involved in blackness, and some of them—like Wole Soyinka—tend even to be hostile to negritude.

*Do you think a white can write from a black viewpoint or vice versa?*

Faulkner, in *The Sound and the Fury*, in the person of Dilsey comes very, very close, but I do feel that it's presumptuous of any white to try to write from the point of view of a black. If a white man tries to pretend he's black, what he writes ends up having very little relation to black mentality. When Styron wrote *Nat Turner* he was trying to justify being the son or the grandson of a slaveholder. That's arrogance of the highest magnitude. If I were to write a novel about a Jewish kid going to synagogue, I would be laughed off the literary market place. Or if I were to write a history of Israel, the fury would follow me beyond the grave.

*And you feel the same way about the black man writing as if he were white?*

Up until 1965, to be successful, if you were a black writer, you had to use a universal theme. Black writers were told that if they really wanted to be relevant, they shouldn't write at all about black people. In those days, if a

black man wrote about Mother Africa, publishers were ready to commit murder. But, as I said earlier, that's all changed now.

*You write a good deal for children, don't you? Do you particularly enjoy it?*

I've done it because I think it's enormously important for kids to know what slavery was like—to be aware. They're ready to be aware now in a way I wasn't when I was their age. When I was a child, nobody got killed except somebody on the corner. There was no Kennedy assassination, no King assassination. But now kids are so literate that they need something besides the Hardy boys to read.

*You're frequently described as "the spokesman of the black revolution." Is there really going to be a revolution?*

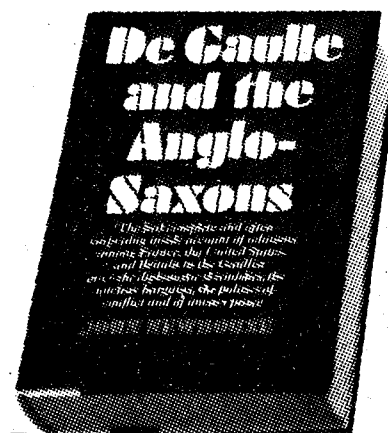
To prevent a militant black revolution, there's going to have to be an all-out revolution in American society—not just in consciousness but in economic and social institutions. You're going to have to educate people to be decent human beings, not just to get jobs. In recent years, a healthy confrontation with whites has been forced. But what's in the future? That's something we still can't know. □

## ART

### LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Revivals do not happen by accident, and a case in point is that of American illusionist painting of the last third of the 19th century. The revival began in the 1930s with the recognition of William M. Harnett; now, thirty-five years later, some of the reasons for it have become clear. The exhibition at the Whitney Museum called "The Reality of Appearance" is an opportunity to consider the topicality of *trompe l'oeil*. The show, arranged by Alfred Frankenstein for the University Art Museum, Berkeley, is a fascinating survey of the three masters, Harnett, John Frederick Peto and John Haberle, plus ancestors and satellites.

Leaving aside the desire for an American past, both as history and as commodity, one of the reasons that *trompe l'oeil* may have been revivable is that it was flat. The formal requirement of flatness in painting, mandatory in post-Impressionism, later Cubism and Abstract art, is united here with familiar subject matter. Usually realism has been connected with the representation of deep space, but the eye cannot be tricked



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by a painted vista as it can be by a painted door, or by painted books the size of real books on a shallow shelf. (Incidentally, some of the shelf paintings at the Whitney are hung off the eye level for which they were designed to be seen, thus weakening the illusion.) Objects painted deceptively are more apt to convince if they appear to project rather than recede and, again, advancing space effects were preferred to recessive ones in early 20th-century art appreciation. Thus in the absence of a horizon and a ground plane, a hunting-cabin door, laden with trophies of the chase, has a verticality and flatness akin to non-illusionistic Modern art.

Another reason for the present interest in *trompe l'oeil* may relate less to parallels with so-called modernist aesthetics than with a change of attitude toward realism itself. There is a renewal of interest in the problems of likeness in art, and for years *trompe l'oeil* was the main kind of painting to perform the critical function of keeping realism in our minds as something complex and unsettled. *Trompe l'oeil* still life exists not as a pure art, defined solely by its internal canons, but as one part of a set of correspondences, persistently ambiguous, with the world of common experience. In fact, the depicted images of horseshoe, Colt revolver or bank note seem intended to supplant the originals. It is not that these paintings literally confuse the spectator but that they propose, in terms of the game of aesthetics, a disconcerting threshold between art and non-art. The illusionism works to safeguard the folkloric wonder of art, first stated in classical art criticism, in terms of extraordinary double takes. Various anecdotes have to do with animals and men taking the fiction of art for the fact of substance. A typical example is this description by Philostratus (*Imagines*, Book I, 23), hyperbolically appreciative of different levels of reference: "The painting has such regard for realism that it even shows drops of dew dripping from the flowers and a bee settling on the flowers—whether a real bee has been deceived by the painted flowers or whether we are to be deceived into thinking that a painted bee is real, I do not know."

Sensuous pleasures of paint handling are fairly rare in *trompe l'oeil*, inasmuch as detailed drawing, hugging the contours of objects, and tonal modeling are the main means of creating illusion. In a sense, this is as near as art approaches to taxidermy. Peto alone successfully combines a high level of illusion with a manually pleasant paint texture. In his hands, deception and physicality of paint are paradoxically fused, as if Chardin

were to be carried into a realm of illusion but without any loss of his painterly unity.

Frankenstein, in one of his amiably learned catalogue entries, cites Kurt Schwitters and Robert Rauschenberg in connection with the aesthetic potential of *used* objects in Peto. To this we may add an interest in sign systems as a subject for art. Apart from the three-dimensional objects, single or accumulated that *trompe l'oeil* artists painted, there are all the messages—the flat signs, visual and verbal, which are the exclusive subject of the rack pictures. These 19th-century predecessors of the bulletin board were also known as "office boards," since they were frequently intended to decorate places of business and included appropriately addressed envelopes and advertisements. These inventories of handwritten and printed communications, of photographs and printed images, simulate, with a forger's precision, the message systems of modern society (*modern* in this sense having begun in the 19th century).

The application of an illusionistic technique to signs, not objects, meant that the formal criterion of flatness could be sustained while the illusion of the annexed material was intensified. This curious alliance of formality and deception (or, at least, reference) which resists the reduction of art to the presence of a mute object, is a continuing resource of artists. It is, for instance, central to Rauschenberg's graphics, as can be seen from the new giant silk screen "Currents" now on view at Automation House (49 East 68 Street), in which printed matter, selected by the artist, is printed photographically, with a *trompe l'oeil* verisimilitude to the quoted sources. It is a duplex scroll, with two lines of adjacent silk screens running for 54 feet. The screens were made from collages of torn and cut newspapers enlarged by one-third. The enlargement of the newspapers does not lessen the appearance of reality; it merely compensates for the fact that at the same size the cuttings would have looked small in such a large frieze and, as a result, would have drawn the spectator forward to read them too insistently. There is spin-off from the main work: "Features from Currents," the single screens printed separately, and "Surface Prints," overprintings of two screens at a time, which produces a heavy imagery of montage effects and moiré patterns.

What Rauschenberg has done in "Currents" is sloganize his earlier flair for the conjunction of random elements in ways that evoked either the flow of consciousness or the profusion of city life.

The headlines and the newsprint images of "Currents" recall his earlier silk screens, but clustered much more tightly round a central program. Thus the new work is a panorama of pollution and violence, with sheriffs' bellies, befouled rivers, assassination victims and grim statistics. All our reflexes about a dirty planet and racial injustice are cued. Rauschenberg calls it "a previously unscheduled exhibition, an active attempt to share and communicate my response to and concern with our grave times and place." "Currents" is a work of hasty commitment, achieved by a slight redirection and contraction of his existing collage sources, timely, short-term probably, and certainly the first of other works to come from our present spasm of conscience. □

## FILMS

### ROBERT HATCH

Four times in the course of *The Passion of Anna*, Ingmar Bergman stops the action so that one of the actors may break out of character to discuss directly the moral characteristics of the person he or she is playing. One cannot be sure whether they are indeed so speaking or still reciting lines given them by the director (their insights in each instance seem a little askew from what the film itself discloses), but in either case the device reminds an editor of the aspiring contributor who insists on delivering a manuscript in person, so that he may explain its subtleties and importance. Editors learn to expect that such articles will fall short of their authors' aspirations.

Bergman seems to me a perplexing man. He is without question a genius of the screen; no one working today uses the camera with greater assurance or eloquence; no one places so personal a stamp upon the look of the world. A scene from a Bergman film is as easy to identify as a painting by Matisse. *The Passion of Anna*, again in the island setting that Bergman used for *Shame* and *The Hour of the Wolf*, is a continuous ravishment of composition, detail and muted, glowing color. The camera moves and works with the simplicity of craftsmanship raised to elegance.

And Bergman is deeply concerned with the wounds and lesions of modern man. He never chats, he never gossips; his mission is diagnostic and his findings are invariably grave. I do not mind that his conclusions are sober; so are those of Chekhov and I return to him repeatedly for refreshment of the spirit. What

is lacking in Bergman, I believe, is the power to create, that rarest of powers. As a supervisor of human relationships, he is superb, but he lacks the magic that would set the characters free of his own concerns and convictions and permit them a life independent of his will. That, it will be said, is an illusion in any case, but it is the essential illusion of all fictions. The comparison with Chekhov strikes me again.

So, although I acknowledge the validity of much of what Bergman says and marvel at the vigor and drive with which he invariably says it, I come from one of his pictures feeling no sense of having increased my range of human relationships. I can, perhaps, pity these men and women—as one feels a generalized pity for all pain—but their histories do not touch me. I feel cold, and instead of a refreshment of the spirit, I am diminished.

Yet I would urge anyone to see *The Passion of Anna*, most immediately for its physical beauty and beyond that because, although I judge it stillborn, it comes closest of Bergman's recent films to achieving life. Andreas (Max von Sydow) is living alone in a tile-roofed cottage, deserted by his wife, watching with quiet intelligence the spectacle of his own failure and humiliation. He is a man of one-time promise who, one guesses, lacked resolution or charity, and is now clinging to the pride of moral disarray. For neighbor, he has a brilliantly successful architect (Erland Josephson), whose pose is to deride the fatuity of all accomplishment, including his own, but who by an obsessive greed to photograph anyone and everyone betrays a compulsion to dominate that verges on sadism. With him are his wife (Bibi Andersson), who feels unneeded and unwanted; she is childless and cannot sleep (I am sorry for that cliché, but it is so), and Anna (Liv Ullmann), a recently widowed friend of Eva; her husband and child were killed in a car accident from which she, the driver, narrowly escaped. Andreas has an affair with each of the women, that with Anna taking on some permanence. But Anna is also definable: she is a moral idealist who reworks truth to fit her standards. There are many such, but Anna carries her need to believe in perfection beyond sane limits and to lethal ends.

This all works out, as can be counted on in a Bergman film, to the verdict that human beings are mutually corrosive, that what is good in each of us is eaten away by what is counter-therapeutic in others. As an appreciation of human experience, that seems to me too narrow, but an artist is not obliged

M.L.K.

*The city streets a hundred years from now will wear his blood as sun.*

*A free man has the choice to live or die: not those praying eyes that caught the sense of every dying head. He chose to have no choice, knowing all along he chose his early death.*

Natalie S. Robins

to use the whole spectrum. What troubles me is that at the end, when Andreas is disintegrating utterly, I am persuaded of the fact, not by any consciousness of companionship with the man, but by the camera wizardry.

Lying beneath the narrative of *The Passion of Anna* is an unresolved horror. Someone on the island is murdering animals: sheep are slaughtered, a horse is burned to death, a puppy is almost hanged. And in one of the closing sequences, in Anna's car, we see a little animal mascot, hanging by its neck from the rear-view mirror. As a craftsman, Bergman has, I think, only one persistent weakness: he is addicted to symbolism, and he uses it with a mechanical insistence that rather restricts than expands the content of his work. □

## THEATRE

### HAROLD CLURMAN

I like what the Open Theatre Ensemble is doing. It enacts variations on basic themes—such as the genesis of evil—in a series of interrelated vignettes, with or without words. The manner is akin to that of Grotowski; the tone totally different. While the Pole is tragically exasperated, the American company tends toward humor, irony, a youthful lightness and lyricism.

Such a characterization of the Open Theatre may come as a surprise to some, perhaps even to the company itself. How can one speak of *Terminal* which deals with death as "light"? There is a certain existentialist pessimism in the apparent content of the piece. There is also a quasi-mystic element in it. But when an undertaker's embalming procedure is performed in pantomime the effect is one of a wry kidding rather than of anything horrific or solemn.

Man's inability to understand God or nature's will is made funny. A funeral

march is simply the overture to an entertainment rather than a sober moment. The spectacle bespeaks an exercise in theatrical form, not a real connection with the "mystery" of death.

I like *The Serpent* better. That may be because there is something charmingly naive for us in the story of Eve's emergence from Adam's rib, the subsequent temptation of Eve by the serpent and Eve's seduction of Adam. Then graphically and impressively we see Cain's killing of Abel. Following this, there is a mass copulation to the accompaniment of Biblical begats intoned by two ladies. This is amusing enough, though at the end the participants emit agonized groans. The evening closes, in a conceit that is emblematic for me of the Open Theatre's quality, with the company singing "We were sailing along on moonlight bay," after which the actors sit down among the spectators mute and tranquil, as if contemplating the unfathomable wonder of it all.

There are no costumes at the Open Theatre; the actors appear barefoot, in simple work clothes designed for the occasion. Sometimes they speak words written by Susan Yankowitz for *Terminal* and by Jean Van Itallie for *The Serpent*, but it is all a collective work under the direction of Joseph Chaikin and Robert Sklar. Percussive and/or flutelike sound is employed. In *The Serpent* we seem to hear the "music" of plant and animal life in their generative stages. The actors add their own little beastlike bleats, neighs, moos.

At one point the serpent is seen in a swaying tree (composed of the actors' bodies), aglow with glistening red apples. This is one of the most winning stage metaphors in all the Open Theatre's repertory. *Terminal* is a bit too long, while

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**TENNESSEE POETRY JOURNAL**

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*The Serpent*, which has been rehearsed over a more extended period, possesses a more consistently interesting and richer texture.

I write about the Open Theatre with restraint rather than rapture. Joseph Chaikin and his collaborators are serious and dedicated people. They do not aim to be sensational or "controversial." They are pursuing a course which is theatrically stimulating and valuable. That they are finer in spirit and craft than some of their colleagues in similar areas is certainly true, but to make claims for them without noting their limitations would do them and us a critical disservice.

There are rarely any *individuals* in such ensembles (the Grotowski Company has only one outstanding actor). The nature of this sort of teamwork tends to render special talent almost supererogatory. But even as a group the Open Theatre performances have not yet attained the level of such companies as

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*and the unending Orphic line.*

*Idolize a master*

*and attach yourself to one tit (one is plenty).*

*Represent the weakness of the age.*

*Keep at it for forty years*

*(preferably underground).*

Carl Rakosi

those of Cunningham, Nikolais and the like. The Open Theatre does not have the time and money required for constant training and practice which alone lead to complete achievement.

More crucial is a lack thus far of really telling thought, cogent ideas suggesting the intensity of experience that is the mark of true creation. Good will, charm and engaging intelligence have been achieved; high artistry or compelling mastery is a long way off.

Eduardo Manet's *The Nuns* was a tremendous success with the press when it was given in the tiny "Pocket Theatre" in Paris a year ago. I could hardly discern from reading the reviews what the critics there saw in the play, but nevertheless I could guess the reasons for their enthusiasm.

The author is a Cuban, resident in Paris, who writes in French. (The adaptation now playing at the Cherry Lane Theatre is by Don Parker and Paul Verdier.) The play is a sort of parable. None of the Parisian reviewers attempted to define its purport. What they enjoyed—which we may also do—is its mixture of horror and comedy. Horror and grotesquerie constitute the atmosphere now prevalent; ever since the war the French in particular have been supping on it as they once lapped up romanticized sexuality.

The play takes place, the program announces, "in Haiti at the time of the revolution of the slaves." Three gangsters in flight from the scene of their previous depredations are hiding in the cellar of an abandoned convent. The youngest has had his tongue cut out and has been rendered deaf by the other two for some undisclosed breach of hoodlum etiquette. All three are dressed as nuns.

When first we see them they are smoking cigars and addressing one another as "Mother Superior," "Sister Angela," "Sister Inez." Mother Superior is prissily elegant in speech and through guile the apparent leader, while Sister Angela is the foulmouthed muscle man. The contrast between their habit and their behavior provokes laughter.

The "nuns" are plotting to rob and then murder a wealthy lady of nobility who hopes to escape the revolutionary terror that seethes all about them. They have persuaded the Señora to give them her jewels so that they may buy a boat and all effect their getaway. Hoodwinked by her awe of the religious, she brings her treasure to the cellar and is raped and strangled by Sister Angela.

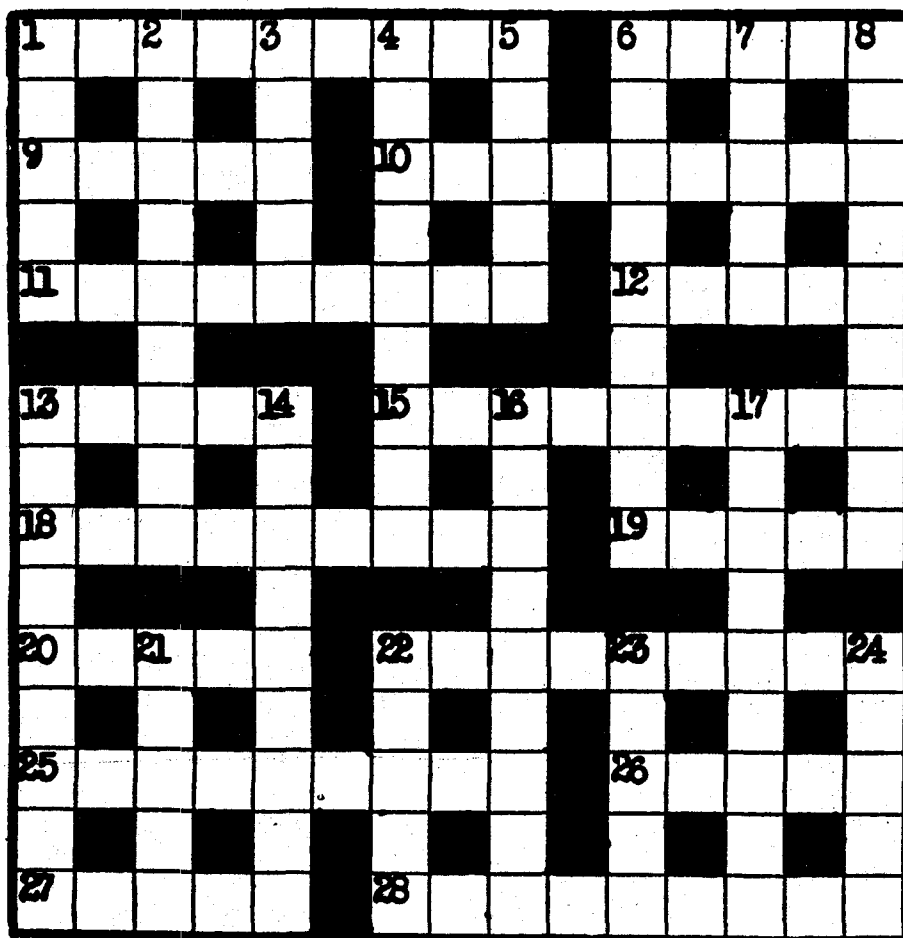
The revolutionists are crowding in on the criminals. They cannot get out. The "nuns" have blocked the entrance to the cellar and dig various tunnels in the hope of escape. They also seek to create an "alibi" by disinterring the Señora's corpse and setting her up arrayed in her finery—for reasons which, apart from the startling, strange image this produces, eluded me. But there is no escape: the rebels are breaking in as the curtain falls and the two trapped "nuns"—the Mother Superior has previously killed the pitiful Sister Inez for trying to prevent the assault on the Señora—now harbor only the dimmest hope of future reprieve.

This may be read as a symbolic picture of revolution in general, with doom foreseen for the wicked and foolish and probably for all. But however one interprets it, the play is without real intellectual content. It exists and can only succeed through its "unusual" background and plot and its macabre humor and violence.

None of it scared me and I laughed very little. Nor did it bore me. While not everything it might be, the production under Paul Verdier is competent. Peter Harvey's setting—decay, gloom and Gothic glamour—is quite right. The acting, especially that of Roy Scheider as Sister Angela who, for all his "menace" is rather appealing, conveys whatever point is intended. I found Sidney Walker increasingly womanish as the action intensified, so that comedy prevailed over fear: just a little more of this and the whole thing might have turned to farce. This weakened the show's impact, which should have been staged for thrills and chills. In any case, Manet is no Genêt. □

# Crossword Puzzle No. 1351

FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS

- 1 What one might take to get someplace with a record's plotters. (9)
- 6 Along with 27, this puzzle goes to such lengths! (5)
- 9 Do they mark the complete defeat of very old-fashioned parties? (5)
- 10 What an angel sometimes does to play with one plane maneuver and others.
- 11 Large suit and ties from the same material. (9)
- 12 Above and beyond. (5)
- 13 Do they imply fighting footwear? (5)
- 15 Type of statesman influential just before 16. (9)
- 18 Discharge. (9)
- 19 Gambled on being cut into pieces? (5)
- 20 One version of a head of state for the head of state. (5)
- 22 Fires commonly found around a representation of Diana, associated with the maple leaf. (9)
- 25 Construe in a particular way. (9)
- 26 A composition of Bauer, the composer of *Fra Diavolo*. (5)
- 27 What aren't 6 across here are this. (5)
- 28 Yours often precedes it above your name. (9)

## DOWN

- 1 Is it because of him that some of us recognize three C's and a P somewhat incorrectly? (5)
- 2 Being somewhat depressed with marijuana, one wouldn't necessarily turn to such music. (9)

- 3 The record of 1 across has the ring of this composer. (5)
- 4 Not necessarily little plots for what one sometimes does in taking away something. (9)
- 5 Declines to be found in the kitchen, possibly. (5)
- 6 Army mess? It might take a pressure pump to do it! (5,4)
- 7 and 17 *Ruddigore's* Adam was really once this, despite his pronunciation, with the valley ending up as a sham. (5,2,7)
- 8 Kept going by its use, and changed accordingly. (9)
- 13 What was the well-known spider's objective? (9)
- 14 What meat might be cooked on (first possibly, then probably) though their scraps came rather high. (9)
- 16 One of the 1 across, if you like the story that there was a letter for each man from Clifford to Lauderdale. (9)
- 21 Shakespeare's was reputedly small. (5)
- 22 Loves troubles, possibly because the races didn't come out right! (5)
- 23 At least the admiral should be a good swimmer! (5)
- 24 Surely something is missing to be so rude! (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1350

ACROSS: 1 Disappears; 6 and 23 down Spot cash; 10 Sea room; 11 Chagall; 12 Japanese prints; 14 Caressed; 15 Apache; 16 Entail; 18 Adherent; 22 Grease one's palm; 24 Achieve; 25 Emotion; 26 Host; 27

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